'41 '42









The Students of Gordon Bell School

present

The PURPLE and GOLD

A Record of their Activities, Interests and Achievements for the Year

1941 - 1942

DEDICATION

We respectfully dedicate these pages to the ex-students of Gordon Bell who are nobly serving King and Country in the armed forces of our nation; and to the students of today, the men in the front lines of tomorrow.



the the the With The Colours of the the the

Two teachers who are with the Armed Forces:

Mr. A. M. Bell

Mr. A. H. Warren



Fearn, Douglas
Fink, Ray
Fisher, Paul
Flett, Harry
Forrester, Chas.
Fotti, Steve
Fraser, Dick
Fry, David
Frudge, Bruce
Garrioch, Nelson
Gee, Melson
Goodridge, Stan W.
Gordon, Bob
Guest, Don
Graemme, George
Graemme, William
Green, George
Grantham, Bill
Grantham, Tom
Grantham, Ray
Gray, Melvin
Gray, Bill
Gray, Bob
Gray, Jim

Agnew, Jr. B. Allen, Jim

Allison, Erie Allison, Morton

Anderson, Tom

Batchelor, Jno. I.

Bailey, Norman R. Baker, Neil Banter, Dave

Banter, Dave
Ballance, Geo.
Banks, Frank
Bader, George
Bessey, Earl
Best, Douglas
Beatty, Walter
Bickell, H.
Birt, Bob
Birch, J. R.
Blakeman, George
Bocking, Stan
Bond, Howard
Borlase, Jack C.

Bond, Howard Borlase, Jack C. Boreland, William Bremer, Winston Bridgman, Ted

Buckham, Robert Brown, Gordon Brough, Bob

Brock, Jack Brown, James

Bridgman, Bill Cancilla, Ed.

Cail, Jack Campbell, Don

Campbell, Don Campbell, Alan Campbell, D. A. Campbell, Forbes Cameron, Douglas Cavalier, W. M. Cawker, Edgar

Cawker, Douglas Cawker, Hugh Cay, Matthew

Capstick, Jack

Chapman, Jim Chown, Douglas Chown, Gordon Christie, Norm. Clark, Donald H.

Clarke, James Clark, Franklin

Combe, Jas.
Cooper, Bill
Cooper, Jack E.
Copeland, Hilary
Cormack, Douglas

Cooke, Art Davidson, Edward

Davidson, Edward Daviss, Sydney Daviss, Lawrence Dashpi, Fred Dangelo, Frank Danielson, Reg. Danaher, Robert Despins, Bernard Dewart, Jack

Delmage, Howard Dixon, Maurice Dingle, Jack Doig, Arthur Don, Jim

Dumphy, Rod Durkin, Jack Duffield, Don

Eadie, Fraser Edelstein, Jack

Egerton, Jim Fenton, Edwin

Annett, Jim Arnovitch, Jos. Astle, Gordon

Jerrard, Mervin
Jewsbury, Raymond
Jessiman, Tom
Johnson, Charles
Johnson, Earl
Johnson, Dave
Johnson, Kenneth
Johnston, Brian
Kane, Paul
Kerr, Bruce
Kiely, Lawrence
Kiely, Lawrence
Kiely, Gerald
King, Calvin
King, Douglas
King, Gordon
Knowles, G. A.
Layfield, Eric
Laver, Bryan-Cook
Lawrence, Red
Lawrence, Willard
Leipsic, Barry
Lewic, G. S.
Little, George
Lloyd, Douglas

McKay, Jim
McKay, Chas.
McKay, G. E.
McKeen, Bill
McKinnon, Cam
McLachlan, Ed.
McLellan, Bill
McLennan, Crawford
McPhail, Jack
McMillan, Jack
McMurtie, Leonard
McLean, Keith
Meadwell, Ron
Miller, Douglas
Mitchell, Erie
Moore, Robert
Morean, Gordon
Morrice, Neville
Morrin, Douglas
Morrison, Bob
Morrison, Jack
Morris, John
Mulvey, George

Students who have been killed or are missing since joining the Armed Forces:

Ashton, John Belyea, Graham Brown, Fred

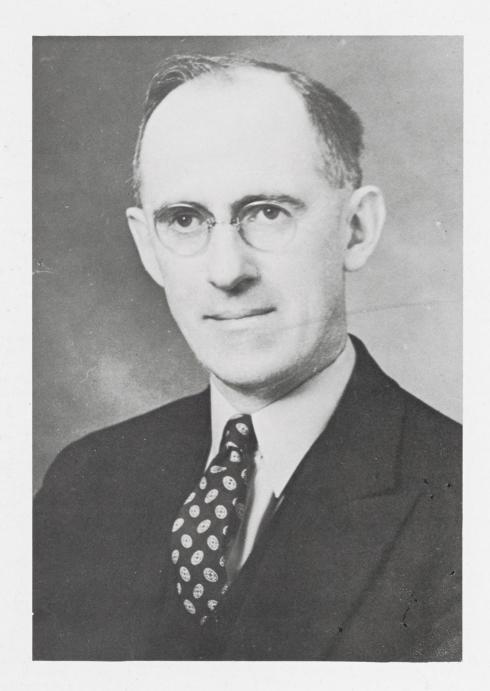
Manning, Percy McPhail, Jack Nightingale, Alan Parker, Bob Robertson, Kenneth Styne, Norman Toshack, Bob

Graham, Don
Griffiths, Richard D.
Grills, Don
Hansiom, Harry
Hanson, Arthur
Hanna, Jack V.
Haig, Douglas
Hardy, Chas.
Hardern, Ralph
Harris, Gordon
Harrison, Bob
Hay, Allan
Hayes, Godfrey
Harper, Ron
Hawkins, Pat
Hall, Jack
Henderson, Bob
Hewitt, Edgar
Hoole, Arthur
Hoole, Ken
Hobson, Jack
Hosegood, Jack
Holden, Wilfred
Homes, Glenn
Hull, Scott
Hunt, Jim
Inglis, M.
Jacques, Philip
Jackson, Brian
Jarjour, Edward
Jeannes, Eddie
Jerrard, John

Lobb, Jack
Lovelock, Dennis
Maguire, Clifford
Maitland, Jack
Maitland, Paul
Malcolm, Phillip
Manson, Bill
Marks, H. Ray
Martin, Lloyd
Massey, Campbell
Mathieson, Neil
Mathieson, Norman
Manahan, Kenneth
Marr, David
MacDougall, Dan
MacAuley, George
MacAuley, George
Mackenzie, Ken.
Macfarlane, John
MacGregor, Frank
MacKay, Jim
McGiloray, Alex. J.
McPherson, Douglas H.
McBride, Charles
McCallum, Michael
McCaughey, Neil R.
McDonald, Don
McFeat, Alex
McGregor, Gordon
McGrath, Tom
McGrath, Tom
McGrath, Tom
McGrath, Tom
McGrath, Liston

Musgrove, Ted
Muzeen, Jim
Munsie, Wesley
Myles, Frank
Nightingale, Alan D.
Nicolson, Ray
Nicholson, William
Nisbet, Raymond
Orr, Raymond
Orr, Raymond
Orr, Don
Osborne, Allan
O'Dowda, Jack
Parker, Hugh
Parker, Bob
Partridge, Ray
Paterson, Jim C.
Patterson, Ernest
Peden, Murray
Peebles, Ray
Peterson, Peter B.
Perley-Martin, Tom
Phillips, Jouglas
Phillips, Jack
Pitt, Ernest
Pottruff, Douglas
Pottruff, Wally
Power, James
Prentice, Bill
Randolph, Robt. W.
Rogers, Donald J. M.

Robertson, Harold Roberts, Kenneth Ross, Kenneth Ross, Roy Rutherford, G. A. Saul, Bill Scott, Frank Scott, Herb Scott, Jack Scott, Jack Scorer, Jack Seal, John Sewell, Ted Shepherd, Robt. J. Simon, Arthur Simpson, Douglas Simpson, Earl Sigurdson, Baldur Sloan, George Small, Douglas Smith, Cecil Smith, Robt. Spence, Bert Sprange, Alfred Sutton, Dick Steadman, Leslie Steed, Harold Stevens, Dennis Sigurdson, Baldur Stevens, Dennis Stevens, Frank Stock, Douglas Stock, Murray Stewart, Donald Taylor, Alex Taylor, Gordon Taylor, Leslie Taylor, Geo. H. Taylor, L. T. Thorsteinson, Olgier Thorsteinson, Norman Tindall, C. Edward Trott, Douglas Trott, Edison Trimble, Murray Vaughan, Lewis
Vodrey, Bruce
Vogel, Garson
Waitt, Hugh
Waitt, Douglas Hope Waitt, Douglas Hope
Waitt, Stanley
Waitt, Rudy
Walker, Butler
Warden, Alex
Watts, Bill
Weatherhead, Geo. M. Weedon, Douglas Weir, James White, Jack Whiting, Robert Whitmore, Phillip Whyte, Bill Westcott, Durvall Williams, Ray Wiggins, Stanley Willcox, Bob Williams, Lloyd Willis, Gordon Winkworth, Harry Wintrup, Jim Woolverton, Allan Wylie, Ken Williamson, Bill Wigle, Bob Walters, Ken Wither, Glen Winter, Fred Wiggins, Jock Warriner, Fred Wilson, Brock Weatherhead, Angus Yerex, Edward J.



O. V. JEWITT
Principal, Gordon Bell



In Retrospect

"In this strange, terrible World War, there is a place for everyone, man and woman, old and young, hale and halt. Service in a thousand forms is open. There is no room now for the dilettante, for the weakling, for the shirker or the sluggard."

Thus has our inspired and intrepid leader, Prime Minister Winston Churchill, challenged us to strive for Victory—a victory over an old order of despotism and greed, which will bring a new order of freedom, justice and common brotherhood.

In the air, on the sea, and on land, the Gordon Bell students of former days are meeting this challenge. They are serving their country on every established front around the globe, and have formed a tradition outside our walls which will be treasured throughout the years by all students of this school. Many of them have paid the supreme sacrifice and have left with us imperishable memories of heroism and devotion to duty. We are proud of our Gordon Bell Alumni.

The students of to-day, too, are meeting the challenge. Trained men and women, courageous, resourceful, and loyal, will win the war and plan a just and enduring peace. Now, more than ever before, is the training received through study, a duty and an obligation to our country. The scholastic record of the students this year, not only in the academic subjects, but also in the many added subjects of the Cadet syllabus, demonstrates that they have recognized this obligation and are striving to fulfil it.

Not only in the academic field are we assuming the responsibilities thrust upon us by the war. The Students' Council, under the able leadership of the president, Fred Bickell, has inspired us to initiate many and varied projects to aid in achieving victory. The traditional willingness to accept responsibility which has been displayed each year by Gordon Bell students has been exemplified again, and we have reached new heights of achievement this year. Time, money and effort have been given freely and enthusiastically. We are proud of this record of these endeavours which is written in the pages of this book.

The Gordon Bell is fortunate in its staff of capable, energetic and patriotic teachers. Cheerfully have they accepted the added duties imposed by the program of Cadets and Red Cross. By their co-operation and counsel in both the curricular and extra curricular activities we have been able to reach many of the objectives which we set for ourselves.

The members of the Year Book staff have given us a book of which we all take justifiable pride. They have not shirked responsibility or hard work and have displayed the ability to co-operate as a group, for which Gordon Bell students are noted. To Jack and Bill Bowman, as editors-in-chief, to John Mackinnon as business manager, to Harold Blake as advertising manager, and to the staff as a whole, we extend our thanks and congratulations.

Q. V. Jamie





R. C. Green



Miss A. C. MacTavish



GORDON BELL High School STAFF



L. E. Walker



Miss B. Smith

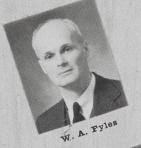
1941 '42



Miss M. H. Anderson



Miss H. S. Robertson







R. M. Moore



Miss S. E. Carruthers



G. E. Whitlaw





Miss J. Spence



C. Leavens



F. W. Simms



T. A. Arnason



Miss L. King



G. E. Snider



G. Pickard



Editorial

In times like these, it is very difficult to keep away, editorially, from the topic which is uppermost in our minds. The war has not been going well, indeed at this moment in many parts of the world the outlook is very black. Repeated allied defeats, brightened all too seldom by even minor victories, have frayed many of our tempers. Criticism is the logical outlet for our spleen.

At first we vent our temper by the hurling of invective at our own government. This pastime, although most satisfying, must of necessity cast a reflection on ourselves, for this body, which we slander, is of our own choosing. Self criticism being painful, we turn from our own oft maligned ministers to newer fields of endeavour, to wit: the stupidity and obvious shortcomings of our allies. Nothing fosters illwill more completely and more rapidly between two nations, than does criticism by one of the other. We in the New World display a disagreeable tendency to belittle the British Government, the British people, and the British armed forces. Hitler and Tojo could desire no better Fifth Column activity than these recriminations.

Many of us forget that not only are we under obligation to the British people for our democratic principles; but also we are indebted to them for the fact that these principles, and the way of life engendered by them, were not crushed under the wheels of the Nazi Juggernaut in the fall of 1941. After Dunkirk, the only barriers between barbarianism and the new world were a few thousand old rifles, and forty million people who had torn the words surrender and cowardice from their vocabulary. We sang a different tune when reports of daily poundings of English towns were mingled with bloody tales of German ferocity. In those dark days we had nothing but praise for the sturdy British.

Now we have the nerve to bleat that the British will fight to the last Australian or American. When we sit back in our easy chair; and over a steaming cup of coffee, (with cream and sugar), deride the British for their failure to hold Singapore, we are bearing out one of Shakespeare's most astute observations. Mark Antony, in his address to the Romans, says:

"The evil that men do, lives after them, The good is oft interred with their bones."

So has it been, and so will it always be with the British.

Whenever we feel inclined to damn them as a race of blunderers, let us pause before opening our mouths, and hark back to the amazing brilliance of every one else, including ourselves. It cannot be said that the British were any more blind than the small European countries; nor can it be said that the British were any more trade greedy and materialistic than Canada and her American cousins. The British were certainly no more slow in preparation than the French; nor any more stupid in politics than were we. With world affairs as they are, no civilized nation can point its lily white finger at any other nation, and say, "We have always been clear sighted; we have avoided the pitfalls into which you have fallen; we have never blundered; nor have we suckled traitors in our bosom." France has her Laval; Norway has her Quisling; Britain has (or had) Moseley; United States has her ex-isolationists; and we have our anti-conscriptionists.

We students will, in a short time, assume positions in business or in some other sphere of the outside world. We should make it our duty never to be guilty of wilfully destructive criticism of our allies. As pointed out, this criticism is very detrimental to international relations, and is also very hard on our morale. Our spirits will certainly not be improved by discussion which leads us to believe that our fellow nations are dolts and fools. Criticism among individuals is dangerous, criticism among nations is fatal. It is the duty of every patriotic citizen to suppress all such subversive activities. As embryo citizens, literally the men and women of to-morrow, we must assume this responsibility to-day.

Dill Bournan Jack Bownan



Front Row—Edith Alexander, Margaret Chown, Lucille Macdonald, Mr. W. McIntyre, Fred Bickell, Miss L. King, Bill Morrey, Sheila Fisher, Shirley Olson.

Second Row—June Mawson, Eileen Johnson, Mary Mustard, Monica Prescott, Marguerite Manos, Frances Midforth, Norma Hurwits, Renee Mooney, Marlyn Elliott.

Third Row—Ken Whitney, Andy Thompson, John McEown, Shirley Boyd, Joan Hanbury, Christina Barr, Ted Siddall, Bill Wallace.

Top Row—Jim Smith, Derek Ashton, Stewart Northcote, Bob Davidson, Jack Couper, Don Brownell, Peter Morrison, Bob Siddall.

Students' Council

I am compelled to hesitate before commencing this write-up on the Gordon Bell Students' Council. Why, you might ask? My first reason is, because I don't know what to say; and my second is, that if I did know what to say, I would not exactly know how to say it. However, I do know this—The Gordon Bell Students' Council, this year, has done a splendid job. It has shouldered every responsibility placed upon it, and has kept up a good showing in every effort it has made.

Can it be said that this success was due to the efforts of a limited few? To a certain extent, this can indeed be said, because there are a limited few among us who have shone with glory in their efforts to make Gordon Bell "An Ideal School." But this limited few will say, without hesitation, that not nearly so much could have been accomplished, without the co-operation of every student in the school. That, students, is the whole thing in a nut shell. We just do not realize how important the other fellow is, until he is not around.

I think that the success of the Council this year, can be attributed to proper Room Organization. The "fighting spirit" prevailing, in respect to everything attempted, has brought the school to the top. Not just a few rooms in the school have been in the fight, but every room in the school, from Room 1 to Room 23. How was this spirit obtained? Where did it come from? Your guess is as good as mine. Let us say that this "esprit de corps" has always been with us; but

has never had the opportunity of coming out of hiding until this year.

It is a pleasure to work beside such a group of hard-working, unselfish students. They know what they want; and, best of all, they know how to get it. There is nothing more distracting than the knowledge that among a group, some shirkers are "sitting on the fence," watching the others do the "dirty work." Happily, all have worked together this year; and, as a result, something has been gained which should remain with us for a long time. What is this something? Not money, or prize awards; but the satisfaction that our efforts this year will make it easier for the students coming up next year. This is what a Students' Council should strive for, every year. Subsequently, every student coming into our school will be taught "the Gordon Bell spirit," by the graduating class. Every student should be brought to realize the indispensability of the council; how it makes school life more orderly and enjoyable. Let us hope that this year's council has been able to make the students see this.

It would be impossible to close without first thanking Miss L. King and Mr. W. McIntyre, faculty representatives on the Council. Their guidance and advice, throughout the year, has been invaluable. In closing I wish to thank all members of the Students' Council for their tireless efforts, and unhesitating cooperation, which served to make the school term a memorable one.—Fred Bickell.





Front Row—Harold Blake (Advertising Mgr.), Mary Mustard, W. McIntyre (Advisory Council), Jack Bowman (Co-Editor), G. E. Whitlaw (Staff Advisor), Bill Bowman (Co-Editor), Miss L. King (Advisory Council), Don Brownell, John Mackinnon (Business Mgr.).

Second Row—Ann Campbell, Betty Bell, Joan Tucker, Marian Makarsky, Margaret Chown, Frances Midforth, Peggy McVey, Grace Sutherland, Ruth Grahame, Vina Miller.

Third Row—Eric Crossin, Jack Brickenden, Joan Burton, Marian Metcalfe, Shirley Olson, Jocelyn Ross, Ruth Mathers, Kay Albertson, Ward Greenwood, Bob Siddall, Bill Tindall.

Back Row—Don Aitkens, Ted Whitley, Stewart Northcote, Fred Bickell, Jack Nixon, Sam McCay, Gerald Nicholl, Andy Thompson.

Purple and Gold Peregrinations

In the production of a year book many miscellaneous bits of material are gathered which cannot be included under any heading; but which nevertheless are essential for the completion of a well rounded record. Such pieces of miscellany usually accumulate in a confusing pile on the editors' desk. Before going any further we are making an attempt to clean out this assortment.

A publication of this sort is impossible without the co-operation of the teaching staff and the student body. During the past term we have received this co-operation unstintedly from all sides. There are many complications connected with the production of a school annual; but due to the kind help of all concerned headaches were kept to a minimum. For the teachers' tolerance in the matter of missing periods, due to the exigencies of year book work, we are deeply grateful. For the students' thoughtfulness in getting their material in before the deadlines set, we are also appreciative.

One of the props of school life, who keeps the school running smoothly, is Miss Blanchard, Mr. Jewitt's secretary. We are deeply indebted to her for her smiling help, readily given at all times, and her patience with us when we overran the office and were continually underfoot.

One of Gordon Bell's teachers heeded the call of duty last year. Mr. H. M. Bell joined the R.C.A.F. in the summer of 1941. The school wishes him the best of luck in the air force. Last year we regretfully bade farewell to two other teachers, Mr. C. S. Gow and Miss E. G. Hewton. The memory of these three teachers will endure for many years in Gordon Bell.

The gap left in the staff was filled by the addition of one new comer. Mr. G. Pickard is really not a stranger. Many of us knew him in our Junior High days at the Laura Secord. When he came to the Gordon Bell, it was like meeting an old friend once again.

The aid of our advisory council, Mr. W. McIntyre and Miss L. King, proved invaluable in the choosing of the year book staff.

Mr. G. E. Whitlaw, our advisor, was the proverbial right hand. His advice and help were freely given, and proved of infinite worth. He kindly judged our short story contest for us. We cannot be too profuse in our thanks to him.

A great deal of credit is due the hard working typists, Joy Ellis, Grace Sutherland, and Vina Miller, for the efficiency they displayed in the discharging of their onerous duties. They were always ready to type anything thrown at them, no matter how illegible the writing, and in so doing lightened the burden of the editorial staff considerably.

The taking of some sixty odd candid photos, suitable for inclusion in the year book, is a thankless task at best. However, our photography manager, Eric Crossin, and his candid editor, Gerald Nicholl, tackled the work with zest. The result is, to our thinking, a very fine candid spread. Many candid fans throughout the school contributed generously to this section.

A year book can be made superlative or just run of the mill by the treatment it receives at the printer's. Hignell Printing Limited, our publishers, took every care with our book. We wish to thank Mr. Lloyd D. Hignell for his kind co-operation.



United College

OF THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA AFFILIATED WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

Students are offered courses in:

FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCE leading to the B. A. Degree and including pre-professional courses for: Commerce,
Engineering, Law, Medicine, etc.

COLLEGIATE — Grade XI (Matriculation), Grade XII (Entrance to Second Year and Normal School).

FACULTY OF THEOLOGY — Diploma and B. D. Courses.

Additional Facilities:

RESIDENCES for men and women.

STUDENTS' ACTIVITIES: Athletics, Debating, Dramatics, etc. CENTRALLY LOCATED. LARGE CAMPUS. SKATING RINK.

Correspondence is requested. WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



MARGARET CHOWN



ANDY THOMPSON



FRANCES MIDFORTH



TED MORREY



JACK HASTINGS



LUCILLE MACDONALD



JOY ELLIS



JIM SMITH



MARGUERITE MANOS

ROOM

PRESIDENT

Margaret Chown—President of Rm. 18 . . . she's the backbone . . . we're ribs . . . the room personality.

Andy Thompson—The little major and ever popular president of Room 15.

Frances Midforth — Popular? why shore! . . . she's Room 21 president . . . Newsical . . . she means . . . well?

Ted Morrey—Room 20 mourns the loss of "Moor" . . . preferred Air Force life to "Blues in June."

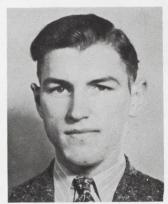
Jack Hastings—Glamour boy President of Room 8. His main interest is in Room 13.

Lucille Macdonald—Room 16 . . . hard working and efficient school secretary . . popular, studious.

Joy Ellis—Room 9's songbird . . . her music is hot, so is Joy . . . gets cables.

Jim Smith — Popular president of Room 2 . . . never in the room . . stalwart lineman . . . future "Caruso."

Marguerite Manos—Room 13...ear-nest, attractive, athletic, a realist who knows her stuff . . . an ideal "Buddy."



FRED BICKELL

SCHOOL PRESIDENT

Changed the rollicking Room 10's to the serious Room 6's. Gordon Bell's man of the year.

GRADUATES



- 1—MARGARET ABBOTT—Songbird of the room . . . Samson's defeater . . . power in her hair.
- 2—MILDRED ADAMS—Refreshing as Adam's ale . . . interested in the Juvenile Canadians . . . three guesses why.
- 3—CONNIE AIELLO—Rhymes with Costello . . . no relation . . . Connie's a steady lass . . . sure to pass.
- 4—GERALDINE AUGER—"Jeepers, creepers, where'd you get those peepers"? . . . and that's not all!
- 5—MOLLY ASHLEY—As Isabelle she is a whiz . . . but we like her—just as she is.
- 6—DORINNE BERRYHILL—Since when has the Air Force taken to bridge, Dorinne? (or has it???).
- 7—BETTY BRANSTON—Quiet, but sincere . . . a humorist(?) . . . our Red Cross Worker.
- 8—DOROTHY BROWN Honey-blonde . . . Dottie carries the torch for . . . homework . . . sportist.
- 9—JUNE CHERRY—(Blossom, sob! sob!) tall and willowy . . . sarcastic . . . a swell sport.
- 10—PAMELA CLARKE—Nice speaking voice . . . swell kid . . . plays the clarinet in the band.
- 11—LILLIAN DAVIDSON—Leaves us in a pennyless aftermath . . . leaves Mr. Mac in a quandry after-Math.
- 12—BARBARA DICKSON—Danger!! High voltage . . . live wire . . . personality plus . . . stores food like a pantry.
- 13—JOAN FRANCIS—Can all the facts she reads be crammed in one small head?
- 14—RUTH GRAHAME—Makes a good sect'y with those legs!!! . . . oblivious to homework.

- 15—DOREEN HARRISON—She "bangs" in everything! Everyone's pal.
- 16—MIRIAM HOOEY—Sunbeam fell from Heaven and touched her hair with gold.
- 17—BETTY HUFF—Perfectly poised . . . well groomed . . . witty . . . Rm. 18's sweater girl.
- 18—BETTY HUTCHINSON—She gets Morrey and more clever daily . . . those horse laughs.
- 19—MARGARET HALL—Easily flustered . . . famous for bright(?) remarks . . . popular.
- 20—JOAN IBBOTSON—Bisons aren't extinct, are they Joan? ? ?
- 21—RUTH LINDAL—Interested in the Air Mail . . . ever seen her without a bow? ? ?
- 22—JUNE LOBB—She has a mind of her own, that fact she makes known.
- 23—NANCY MACDONALD "Vanity thy name is Nancy" . . . watch the birdie.
- 24—JEAN MACDOUGALL—"La Poudre aux Yeux"... exclusive hair-do's.
- 25—PHYLLIS McKINNON—Long black tresses . . . a hidden humor . . nice legs.
- **26**—MARIAN METCALFE—A fiend for fads . . . hospitable . . . friendly . . . our champion of the people.
- $\mbox{\bf 27}\mbox{\bf —BETH MOWAT-Laughs}$ to beat the band . . . she keeps us happy . . . likeable.
- 28—MARY MUSTARD—Madam M. Vice-president, with no vices!



- BETTY MELLISH—There is a friendly mischief in her eyes, which takes you by surprise.
- -MARGARET NAPIER-Our highlight in the world of sports.
- 3—BERNICE PAULSON—"Bunny, the Great Profile" . . . modest . . . unassuming . . . quiet voice in a loud class.
- -JOAN PAWLETT—"Pawlly" . . . at full of fire . . . never tired, live wire. . active, stirring,
- JOCELYN ROSS—Favorite saying . . . "Where's the gum?" . . . capable of anything.
- 6-MYRTLE STURTON-Goes out with the boys, comes in with the milkman.
- 7-NAN STOCKER-Red hair . . . blue eyes . . . algebra whiz . . . a little shy . . . jokes(?).
- RUTH STUART—Gets along skatingly with everyone . . . what's lockit in her locket???
- JOAN TUCKER—She's one of those versatile lasses, they gaze in wonder as she passes.
- IRENE WEBB—A ducky name but she's no quack
 . . . Sh-h-h—she co-operates in French!
- 11-JOYCE WATSON-She may be coy . . . but look out my boy!! . . . cheerful.
- —PATRICIA WRAY—Dark hair . . . trade mark of the sentimental Irish. . blue eyes . . .
- 13-FRANCIS YOUNGMAN-Light foot and laughing eye, fun's assured when she is nigh.
- 14-EVELYN HOWE-Likes to eat, sleep, and be merry!! . . . cannot be "over."































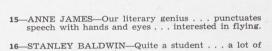












17-JIM BEER-Plays piano, bass, trumpet, clarinet, tuba, and around.

friends . . . a tennis star.

- TED BEIGHTON—Quiet . . . plays a mean accordion in his accordion band.
- ALEXANDER BERMAN-He may be sane but he hides it well . . . a great guy.
- -HAROLD BOOK-Always smiling and cheerful known and loved by students and teachers alike.
- -GLEN CAWKER-New drapes and all, he's quite a boy . . . shines in sports.
- -JACK FULTON—He plays the trombone . . . why barbers go on strike.
- 23—ROBERT GEE—Always telling jokes—or is that the word we want.
- **24**—FRED HARPER—Slap-happy and always laughing . . . should make the Penny Fund his career.
- -GORDON HARVEY-Called Rufus . . . makes a lot of noise for such a small guy.
- -GORDON HENDERSON-Blond bombshell of Room 15 . . . mad about all sports, especially basketball.
- 27—ROCKLEY HOLMAN—Short, dark, and solid . . . plays a mellow boogie piano . . . a terrific goalkeeper.
- 28—BOB HOOK—Popular president of the Curling Club . . . his school work isn't bad either.



















ZOE GORDON—Efficient, clever, popular "Zoe, may I borrow your homework?"

- 1—JOHN HUGHES—Plays 'cello . . . fond of skiing . . . does school work in his spare time.
- 2—BOB JOHNSTON—Built like his stories, tall, and slim . . . salvage collector deluxe.
- 3—LORNE LEITCH—A future curling king . . . humorous in his own way . . . a good student.
- 4—JACK MACE—Caustic wit and a wide grin . . . swears his hair reaches his chin.
- 5—BILL MACLEAN—Curtain man for play and opera . . . always pulling strings.
- 6—JOSEPH MILLS—Why teachers get that way . . . jovial . . . popular . . . averse to everything.
- 7—SIDNEY MILNE—Good-hearted, hard worker, everybody's friend . . . oh, that car!
- 8—JOHN MACKINNON—That handsome secretary of Room 15...oh, so quiet and reserved!
 9—JACK NIXON—Tall, dark, and handsome ... plays
- his heart out in all sports.

 10—GORDON REIMER—Lanky hot trumpet star . . .
- anybody want to hire a terrific band?

 11—TED SIDDALL—Cheer leader . . . vice-president of Room 15 . . . play, opera . . . all-around sport.
- 12—BLAKE THOMSON—The wee laddie from Scotland . . . quick at making friends and good marks.
- $13\mbox{--}\mathrm{JOHN}$ TOEWS—A brain in chemistry . . . in ecstasy since he dropped Latin.



- -EILEEN GRANT-Brown-eyed blonde . . . work has killed many, so why take a chance?
- -MARY GUNN—Always dressed-up "to date" . . . which Kildonan did she come from?
- 3-RUTH HAYWARD-Takes her own sweet time . . . clever . . . charming smile.
- -AILEEN HOWES-Loves the Happy Gang . . . nice to look at . . . fun to know.
- NORMA HURWITS Personification of Donald Duck . . . talks and talks and talks.
- BETTY KING—Beaming good nature . . . we saw you wink, Betty.
- 7-LESLEY LAING-Stand back, fellows, I saw her first . . . knits like a demon.
- 8-DORAINE LOWE-Sweet . . . says her prayers every night . . . Ah! Men.
- . equipped with -DOROTHY MANN-New-comer . brains . . . lovely smile . . . reminds us of a cherub.
- FAY MANSON—Likes guns, noise, fun books and dead-heads . . . cute, isn't she?
- 11—KAY MACKIE—Star athlete . . . cheerful, efficient Red Cross Representative . . . we think she's . . . oh! Kay!!!
- -HUGHENA MacKINNON-Chews gum . . . laughs a lot . . . new-mown hair.
- -MARIAN MAKARSKY—Devastating wit . . . a gourmet (swell word, swell gal) . . . WE like her
- —BERYL McAREE—Slap-happy! . . . everybody likes "Boil" . . . Surname pronounced McAree, not McAree.



































































- 15-BETTY McBRIDE-Continually wanting more knitting . . . friendly and capable, she's never wanting for pals.
- 16-MURIEL MITCHELL-Good things come in small packages! . . . what was his name again, Muriel? . . .
- 17—EILEEN NORTHEY—Maybe she's a "small edition" but believe us, she's an "extra."
- 18-JUNE PILE-Pert and pretty . . . "Mathstermind" ... that's right, your wrong.
- 19-IDA PODOLSKY-"Shy-eyes" . . . Ida's soon have her hair as mine.
- 20-MARGARET RICHARDSON-Big blue eyes . . . you have to know her to appreciate her. 21-MARGARET ROBINSON-Still waters run deep . . .
- tall, amiable, good-looking . . . quite a girl. 22-JOAN HANBURY-Good typist . . . good type . . .
- goes in for tweeds . . . of all sorts. 23—BETTY LOCK—Loads of fun . . . can actually do ten mistakes a minute in shorthand . . . adorable.
- 24-BETTIE ROCHE-Watch out, guys, here's another
- 25—JOAN SMELTZER—Smart clothes . . . sm-a-r-t . . . we'll take a dozen.
- 26-MURIEL STERLAND --Kittenish . . . often frustrated . . . droll little wit.
- 27—MERLE WHERRETT—Bowling enthusiast . . . always has her homework done . . never ruffled . . . a perfect kid.
- 28—ANNE BLACK—Cheerful . . . enthusiastic knitter . . . out-of-town visitor for this school session.



- 1—DONALD AITKENS—"Humor" editor of this volume . . . Room librarian . . . never lacks friends.
- -HAROLD BLAKE—Advertising Mgr. of the year book . . . Handles 400 co-eds and a cheer-leader, too.
- 3-DONALD BOWES-"Benny" . . . Tall, dark and (?) . . Developed the gum industry. Pushes a Model A convertible.
- 4—BILL BROWN—Perfect attendance, but where? Gunga Din of the rugby team.
- -JACK BOWMAN—Co-editor of the P. & G. . . . Serious in school, but outside!!!
- 6-BILL BOWMAN-Ditto. It is rumored that neither studies for French exams.
- -JOE CHISWELL—Southern drawl acquired in St. Vital . . . all-star rugby snap . . . infectious horse laugh.
- 8—GEORGE CLAYTON—Ruddy Englishman from the White Cliffs of Dover . . . Room 6's Ilsley . . . A Navy man.
- 9—DONALD FAURSCHOU—Gave up R.15 and a language just to join R.6 . . . hard worker . . . Badminton shark.
- -GORDON FERGUSON—"Joy-boy" Wavy, bronze thatch . . but, Mr. Whitlaw, the street car
- -MEL GIBBS He goes along with a gag . . . flashy . . . bow ties . . . "The Gibber" . . . glib impersonator.
- 12—GEORGE GRANGER—A jitterbug on skis . . . snappy dresser . . . the "Lone" Granger . . . everybody's friend.
- -WARD GREENWOOD-No. 1 patriot . . . Dunn Shield . . . remember him as Duke Sr.? . . . we try not to.
- 14—JOHN HAMMOND—Farmer . . . cultivates Room 3 . . . eternal smile . . . Goldilocks . . . rugby, hockey, politics . . . Dude.

- 15—BILL HARDEN—"Lank Hank" BILL HARDEN—"Lank Hank" . . . flashes of brilli-ance . . . never hurries . . . stick with it Harden.
- 16—JACK HARPER—The silent type . . . Senior Basketball star . . more bow ties . . "Jackson" to G.E.W.
 17—JACK HOUSTON—"Punchy" . . . curler and sharpshooter . . the Gestetner and Houston—permanent office fixtures.
- TOM HOPE—Hails from Moose Jaw . . . second Weismuller . . . rugby, band, opera . . . jitterbug, too.
- -SAM McCAY—Room 5 McCay . . . sweater boy . . . "Love 'em and leave 'em" is an all-round Sports Captain.
- 20—GRANT McINTOSH—Devastating smile! for homework, but on Friday nights!!! Who in 21?
- JACK MOXAM—Hobbies: room artist, model aeroplanes, extreme drapes . . . virtuoso coiffure . . . 36-inch sport coat.
- -GRANT NEAL—Mathematical wonder . . . agrees only with the Chemistry text index. Flies a '41
- -GERALD NICHOLL—Candid camera man for the year book . . . air-minded (head in the clouds around R.23).
- 24—LAWRENCE PELLAN—The original Dead End Kid . . . tough, but oh so gentle!
- -DONALD PERRY—Big man, little car . . 30"-10" tweed drapes . . . No. 2 waterboy.
- 26—CARMAN MERGNY—Eccentric "Cam" . . . Mr. Snider's pet (peeve) . . . how does he do it, girls . . . the U-Drive Kid.
- 27—JACK SANDISON—Familiar sight on roller skates or crutches . . . 5 ft. 2 % in. of sunshine.
- 28—TED SHERWOOD—"Herbie"—dark and diminutive . . . at last, a man without a hobby!!























- 1-JOHN STOUT-History and economics expert . . . This lad Stout—he away again, eh?'
- . . in play, opera, -TELFORD THOMSON-"Gus" and on year book advertising staff.
- -GEORGE WALKER—"Golden Boy" . . . heckler source of many noises . . . Isaac Walton the 2nd. . heckler . .
- dent . . . jovial, soft-spoken tenor . . . glutton (for study)? -BILL WALLACE-Models for Kreml . . . vice-presi-
- GEORGE McMORRIS—Newly arrived from Nutana Collegiate, Saskatoon . . . junior basketball ace . . . also hockey and baseball.
- TOM BJARNASON—Tall, blond and good looking— on the ice he's really cooking.
- -GODFREY BERGSON—Padded shoulders . . . star goalie(?) . . . physics genius.
- 8—MARJORIE DAVIS—Margy loves to whirl on skates—what's she got that gets her dates?
- HAZEL DIXON—Ballerina in a daze plus auburn hair and winning ways.
- IRMA EASTON—Room 8's number one Prima Donna . . . for the Air Force she's a goner.
- 11—DEIRDRE GILHULY—A blonde . . . brain . . . quiet(?) except when no one's looking. . brain bomb
- 12—MILDRED GINN—Milly's Room 8's money grabber . . . has a "Hobby"—well known gabber.
- 13—HELEN GRANT—Brainy student . . . really quick . . . what's inside that makes her tick?
- 14—AGNES GEMMEL—Silent! . . . and Industrious (imagine in Room 8) . . . champion knitter.













































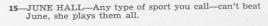












- 16—VICTOR GUARINO—A smoothy . . . Lifeguard last summer . . . (half fish).
- 17—ELTON HOBSON—Sports Captain . . . ru . . . school play . . . everyone's "Hobby." rugby star
- 18—BARBARA JOHNSTONE—The Room 8'er who has the most chance of becoming Prime Minister. 19—MARIAN LEWIS—Athletic eyebrows . . . Latin whiz . . . a clever kid who knows her Phys.
- 20-RUTH MATHERS-Quiet-like a bomb, is "Teddy"
- -and for mischief, is always ready. 21-ELIZABETH MAWFORD-Any new fad-"Denny's
- got it—Navy-minded—famous chuckle. -MIRIAM MAZA—Curly hair (!) and eyes of brown . . . with her chocolate cakes goes to town.
- 23—RENEE MOONEY—Popular President . . . her laugh and smile make the world seem quite worthwhile.
- 24-MARY MOROZ-Known for her twinkling eyes-Mary's yodels win the prize.
- -JIM McVEY-Knows his girls and clothes-he takes his car wherever he goes.
- 26—DOUG. McWHINNIE—Secretary-treasurer . ways on the whirl... collecting money or out with
- 27-CRAIG NICOLSON-About the girls-he knows their ways . . . but when in Latin, he's in a daze.
- SYLVIA PARKER—Sylvia is so sweet, demure-of this we're absolutely sure!













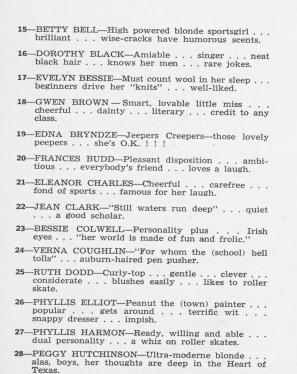








- 1—EDWARD PARLIAMENT—Opera and play . . . often late . . . a ferocious debater.
- **2**—DOROTHY ROBERTSON—"Skippy," beautiful low voice . . . new hair do's . . . changeable eyes.
- 3—RUTH ROBERTSON Golden hair with lovely sheen, eyes of blue and ways serene.
- 4—RUTH STEVENS—Here's a girl who knows her men . . . numbered up from one to ten.
- 5—AUDREY SUTTON—A canary whistler . . . page boy hair-do . . . will laugh at anything.
- 6—SID SMITH—At model building he's a star . . . and with his homework he's shooting par.
- 7—DICK SHEPPARD—The Li'l Abner type(?) . . . allergic to Chemistry labs.
- 8—HILDUR THORSTEINSON—"Hildy" is a "wool gatherer" in more ways than one . . . swell fun.
- 9—FRED TRIGG—Number 1 Patriot . . . No. 1 hot trumpet player . . . Boogie Woogie piano.
- 10—MARGUERITE WARKENTIN—A tiny bundle of something special . . . a skier plus . . . brown eyes.
- 11—MARITTA WILSON—This is something we know well—here's a girl that's really swell.
- 12—BOB WATSON—Blonde, shy, always can be depended upon to have his homework done.
- 14—MURIEL BEAN—Happy-go-lucky . . . friendly . . . bright student . . . cute little Bean . . . talks a lot.





- 1—BARBARA McFADYEN—The push behind our patriotism . . . sweet . . . swinger . . . big-hearted . . . likes tall boys.
- 2-MARION WILLIAMSON-Fast ! !--on skates! A room 14 fan not because of history . . . cheerful.
- 3-YVONNE McKAY-Excitable . . . a quiz kid . . variety of good jokes . . . a girl with ambition.
- 4-VINA MILLER-Personality packs a punch! . . . not fast, but her year's Hasting away!
- -AUDREY MORTIMER-Accordion player . . . good sport . . . has fun but gets her work done.
- EILEEN BOND (OLSEN)—Snappy . . . smart hair-do's . . . pretty . . . worry-wart . . . secretary-treasurer.
- 7—DOROTHY PACEY—Sunny disposition . . . clever poetess . . . affectionate . . . makes a good friend pert gaiety.
- -JOYCE PLENDERLEITH-Versatile . . . dramatic to the core! . . . a Rooney fan.
- 9—MONICA PRESCOTT—Vivacious oomph gal . . . contagious laugh . . . "stuff that dreams are made of."
- 10-OLIVE QUINN-The girl with the curls . . . emotional . . . loyal . . . a newshound.
- 11-AGNES SEEKINGS-Docile . . . modest . . . sporty ... comes to school to learn.
- -CLAIRE SIMPSON-Romeo, where art thou? . . . "Sugar, spice and everything nice."
- -MARJORIE TOVELL-War correspondent . . . Tovie to her friends . . . quiet and studious.
- 14—BOB ADDISON—Here today and gone tomorrow . . takes life easy.































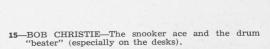












- 16—ERIC CROSSIN—An all-around student and basket-ball player . . . the Year Book Photographer.
- 17—GLEN FRASER—A curling and bowling ace . . . "The car was late, Mr. Moore."
- 18—FRED HENRY—"Big Hank" . . . the aeronautical genius . . . school's best rifle shot.
- JOE LAVIGNE—Wavy hair . . . good natured . . . Hobbies—roller skating, boxing and blondes.
- -DONALD MACKENZIE—Mr. Whitlaw's pride and joy . . . air-minded . . . brilliant student.
- -EARL McGREGOR—Sports Captain . . . ten pin bowler, soccer player . . . woman hater.
- -MURRAY McDONALD—The silent Scotsman . . . a wizard at Trigonometry and a fighter.
- 23-JIM McMURRAY-The little man with big ideas . . . a hard worker.
- -HARVEY McKINNON-"Big Harv." . . . Room 1 in class, but Room 2 in spirit.
- -GEORGE MATHER—Bowls and curls . . . keeps the room laughing . . . impersonates Donald Duck. 25-GEORGE MATHER-Bowls and curls .
- -JACK MATHESON-A theatre cop . . . likes swing music . . . Sherburn St. for Jack.
- RONALD OXBY—The best hockey prospect from Room 2(?) . . . plays cricket and badminton.
- MERRILL SAUNDERS-Whip is a curler and an N.C.O. . . . likes an argument.











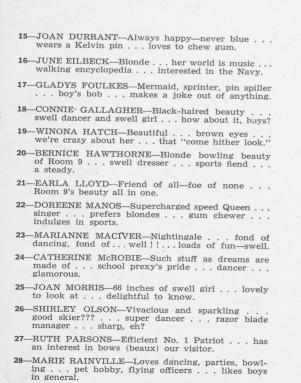








- 1-LAWRENCE SCOTT-Quiet . first goal scorer for Room 2 . . . a good exam marker?
- 2—MAC SCOTT—Artie Shaw fan . . . never on time . . .
- **3**—BILL SOMERVILLE—The navy for "Slim" questions and more questions . . . a tall, dark gentleman.
- 4-MAC STUART-The "Duke" in the play vage from Pine Falls . . . a ten pin bowler.
- 5-RUSSELL SUTHERLAND-Ambition-to be a commercial artist . . . rugby, play, and opera. . . Duker
- 6—DERRY TUDDENHAM—Capable secretary ways counting ticket money . . . plays hockey.
- **7**—KEN WHITNEY—The vice prexy . . . table tennis enthusiast . . . auburn hair?? . . . a smart dresser.
- 8—BARRY PIRT—No. 1 Patriot . . . bowler and an N.C.O. . . . also a canoe paddler.
- 9—TOM KAY—Future ski champ of Canada . . . a good swimmer . . . "slap happy Tom."
- 10—BARBARA BARNARD—"Barnie" . . . treasurer . . . may be Scotch, but not with her friendship . . . humorous . . . good natured.
- 11—ISOBEL BILTON—Personality plus looks . . . with boys she's on top—only he's away.
- 12—HELENA BRAID—Liked by everyone . . . about the boys she's not so fussy—(oh yeah).
- 13—BERNICE CHAMBERS—Always laughing -BERNICE CHAMBERS—Always laughing . . . per-sonality plus . . . hep to the step . . . beautiful hair
- 14—AUDREY DIXON—Greatest ambition—to become a nurse . . . lots of friends . . . swell kid.

















25

- -MILDRED SHELLRUDE—Quiz kid . . . occupation: about your troubles . . . Room 9's worrving Rubenstein.
- 2-BETTY SKIFFINGTON-Barrel of fun . . . on the verge of a new hair-do . . . perfect.
- 3-GRACE SUTHERLAND-Sports captain . . . lovely dancer . . . good at bowling, badminton . . . hardworking P. and G. typist.
- 4—GENE SYMES—Tiny . . . homework fiend . . . swimmer . . . everyone's real friend.
- -JOYCE WEBB-Our little flower with the beautiful stems . . . dynamite in a small bundle.
- PAT HOUSTON—Tall and blonde . . . never has a care . . . knits the most . . . does her homework.
- 7-PEGGY CARTER-Mischief is behind those glasses . . . cute kid, too.
- 8—CLAIRE ALLISON—Historical genius . . . self tained . . . finds life amusing . . . well liked. self-con-
- 9-CHRISTINA BARR-Property girl in the opera . . . interested in the Red Cross.
- 10—BETTY BARTON—Generous . . . a swimmer . . . always writing letters (his name's Willie) . . . intelligent.
- 11—MARION BJORNSON—Quiet and reserved . . . a pert smile . . . wears her clothes well.
- 12—BARBARA BRADLEY-HUNT—Good natured loves physics . . . giggles at a certain physicist.
- BERYL BOWIE—A speed skater . . . always laughing . . . knows more boys at more schools.
- 14-RONALD CARD-Master musician . . . did his French homework-once.





















ABBBBB











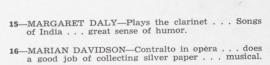












- 17—MARGARET DECKMAN—Well groomed . . . another instance of good things coming in small packages . . . retroussé nose.
- -GLADYS DICKSON—Writes beautiful poetry . . . the Dickson who dreams.
- 19-JOYCE DICKSON-Vocabulary entirely above Room 16 . . . industrious English student.
- 20—RUTH ESSERY—The "better" Room 16 skier . . . our energetic sports captain . . . beautiful eyes.
- 21-TOM FOXCROFT Holds discussion with T.A.A. ... loves the country—girls?
- 22-ROBERT FURNEY-Pretends to be stupid . terous Pirate King . . . fascinating left eyebrow.
- 23—MILDRED HALL—A tawny mane . . . blue . . . English . . . draw your own conclusions. blue eyes
- **24**—VERNA HENDERSON—Gay and charming . . . sparkling . . . sometimes a student.
- -MARY KOLTON-A fascinating accent . . . dark, charming eyes . . . mysterious.
- 26-DOROTHY MacLEAN-Pianist par excellence . . .
- -WILLIS McCAUGHEY Unobtrusively lazy . . . wears tailored clothes with an air.
- -BETTE MEADOWS-Famous teller of jokes . . . friendly and winning.



















poisonous.

helper.

- 1—BERNICE MITCHELL—Only room secretary who was always cool, calm and collected during ticket campaigns
- 3—STEWART NORTHCOTE—Mathematical genius . . . vice-president . . . plays at B.B. . . . Hi-Y . . . and handsome? . . . zealous.
- 4—SIGVALD OVERGAARD The orboy . . . looks brainy . . . wiry hair. original sweater
- -WILMA ROBBINS—A new comer, who has been perfectly at home from the first day.
- 6-ANNE RONALD-Has a long shadow which haunts the school . . . an energetic knitter—reason—the R.C.A.F.
- 7-DORIS SCOTT-Room librarian . . . voice like the sighing of a breeze.
- JACK SHAVER—Number 1 patriot . . . great supporter of Wrigley's . . . indolent glance . . . engaging personality.
- 9-MURIEL SIBBALD-Very capable . . . most likely to succeed . . . ambitious.
- THORA SIGURDSON—A sports enthusiast . . . cool and collected . . . does you-know-whose Latin homework?
- -OLGA SWYSTUN-Violinist in school orchestra . . . goes steady with K. White. 12—MURIEL VANSTONE—Beautiful eyes . . . clever
- ... a future nursing sweet. -KENNETH WAKEFIELD—Bean pole . . . an executive brain . . . school newspaper boy . . . a debater.
- -JOY WHILLANS—A fearsome Ruth, but cute under the make-up . . . nice dresser.



- -DONALD JACKSON—"Googy" . . . scholar . . . that school bag . . . thinks Veronica Lake is a health resort.
- 2—HAROLD JOHNSON—"Johnny" . . . pinch hits for Mr. Jewitt in Maths . . . pitches hints at Ruth Mr. Jewitt in in the opera.
- 3—RALPH JONES—The Vultures' great big V man junior basketball standout.
- -LEONARD KAHANE—Why teachers retire at 65. 'Dapper Dan with the dazzling duds"... effervesces.
- JOHN McEOWN—Room officer without portfolio . . . droll . . . forever "cutting it a little too close" . . . Doc. Patrick's verbal punching bag.
- 6—FRANK MYERS—Noted for his dry, sarcastic wit... his puns... he grins and we bear it.
- -JACK PURCHASE—"Louisiana" . . . walks five miles to school every day to save a green car ticket.
- 8—TOM RILEY—"Riley done it" . . . absorbs an awful beating . . . "the early bird who got the bookworm."
- -PAT ROONEY—Intellectual giant . . . man about town . . . ambition—to give Marg. A. a haircut.
- 10—GEORGE RUEZ—Polishes up the teachers' feeble jokes . . . famous quotation—"who's got their maths done?"
- 11—CAMERON SNIDER—The one boy in the room who is really worried about the gas rationing . . . pumps a mean slush . . . oh, those ties.
- beloved's" finally woke up and saw the light—on the floor.
- -KEN THORLAKSON—"That Throckellson boy"
 "Big Buck" . . . operatic chorus boy . . . consc "Big Buck" . . . operatic chorus boy . . . conscientious, personality plus.
- ROBERT THORLAKSON—"That other Thorlakson lad" . . . "Little Buck" . . . had a lead in the opera . . . fiddled around in the orchestra.































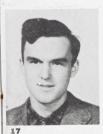








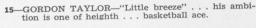












- -JACK WOLCHUCK Regularly does the room's homework . . . "air-y" minded . . . army reserve.
- 17—JACK WOOD—Brains and brawn evenly distributed . . . French students are his number 1 distraction.
- 18—TREVLYN STERLING—Mid-year re-enforcement from Melita . . . would like to meet some of the Gordon "Belles."
- 19—WALKER SHORTHILL—Pirate off note (in the opera) "one of the ones who had better b-a-a-ar down."
- -FRANK MATHERS—"Meatball" . . . G.B.'s rugby team . . business executive . . smooth hockey player . . . retired chemist.
- BILL MATTHEWS—Stapanovitch . . . sugar liptrumpeter . . . writes essays on his favorite ? ?
- 22—STUART WEATHERHEAD—Lead in the opera . . . active in track and basketball . . . Matthews' clothes
- 23-MORREY LAWRENCE-Class budget balance . . . quiet, amiable . . . track star, physicist.
- 24—BOB WARRINER—A tall, blonde, good-natured fellow . . . the teachers' pride and joy.











Valedictory

ByJOHN GRAHAM

Mr. Jewitt, Members of the Staff, Students, and Guests:

"Once upon a time"—I hate to begin this talk with those tattered and time-worn words, but I fear that I must. Once upon a time, the wife of Minos, King of Crete, gave birth to a monster, half man and half bull, which fed upon human flesh. It was called the Minotaur. To protect his subjects, the king had this hideous creature confined in a great labyrinth, so complicated that no one who entered it could find his way out. Every year, the Greeks, whom King Minos had conquered in battle, were forced to send seven youths and seven maidens to the rocky, grim shores of Crete. These doomed ones were thrown into the labyrinth, where they either became lost in the tortuous passages of the maze and perished from starvation, or were devoured by the ravening Minotaur.

But, in one of the black-sailed ships which bore the fourteen sacrifices to Crete each year, Theseus came from Greece. Now, the daughter of King Minos, Ariadne, determined to help Theseus kill the Minotaur. Secretly, she gave him a sword, with which to slay the monster, and a ball of golden thread, which he was to fasten to the outside of the labyrinth and unwind as he groped his way through the murky, twisting corridors. This thread was to be his guide. Thus aided by Ariadne, Theseus entered the labyrinth and slew the Minotaur.

"And what," you may well ask, "has this to do with our graduation?" Well, compare this graduating class—along with countless other graduating classes—to Theseus. Liken the school to Ariadne. See in the Minotaur the evil, the hatred, the despair in the world.

We face the Minotaur at this moment. Let's not fool ourselves about that. Half the civilized world and *all* of the de-civilized world is in its clutch. It breathes the fire of lust into a hundred wars, it rages as hatred in the hearts of men, it laughs as cynicism in the minds of multitudes.

And we, facing it, are armed only with a sword and with a ball of golden thread.

Co-operation, hard work, clear thinking—all are parts of the alloy from which the sword is moulded.

It is keen and flexible—it is the sword of the mind. It has been forged in the class room, where we have learned to work hard, to think clearly and fairly. It has been tempered in all dramatic activities, where we have learned confidence and determination to succeed. It has been burnished on the field of sport, where we have learned to play honestly. It has been sharpened by co-operation, which has been practiced in all of these endeavours. We hold it now—this weapon, this sword of the mind—and it is gleaming, flexible, and keen.

But a keen sword, by itself, is not enough. Theseus did not slay the Minotaur using only his sword; neither shall we defeat evil using only our minds. Theseus was guided by the golden thread, without which he would have become lost in the labyrinth; unless we are guided by a golden thread of ideals—high ideals—we shall become lost in the labyrinth of life, shall become bitter, narrow, and cynical.

With the sword of the mind, then, we shall fight; but always we must—and shall—be guided by this golden thread of ideals—thin, finespun, yet shining and strong.

Mr. Jewitt; throughout the years of our high school course, you and your staff have forged the sword, have spun the thread. And now, today, you give both of these weapons to us. As we receive them, how can we express our thanks? By using these weapons well, we shall give you the greatest thanks possible. But we want to let you know of our gratitude today, now, as we leave the school. And so, on behalf of the 1941 graduating class, I extend to you our true affection, admiration, and respect.

From Ariadne, then, from the school, we have received the sword of the alert mind and the thread of high ideals. We graduate, not with mock heroism, not with overweening self-confidence, not with gushing sentimental glances at the past, but with a clean faith in a fairer future, and a deep calm determination to wield the sword unswervingly, to follow the thread unerringly, and to play our part in slaying the Minotaur.



The Scholarship Front, 1941

By G. E. WHITLAW

Education is an important factor in a successful democracy. These students who work diligently at their studies, not only add glory to the name of Gordon Bell, but help our country in the realization of the ideals for which our soldiers are dying, to-day.



Gordon Bell's triple threat, an outstanding scholar and a mean trombone pusher. Harold won the tribute to a popular allround student, the Annual Prize for Grade XI Boys in Scholar-

ship and Athletics.



It will no doubt be many years before Gordon Bell produces a finer master of the irregular verbs. When no one is looking Enid is a bashful violin virtuoso. She captured with ease the Annual Prize for Proficiency in Latin and French.

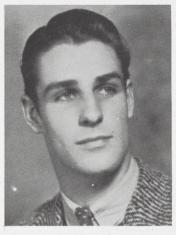


CLAIRE ALLISON



MARQUERITE GRAY

Two stars of equal luminosity in the firmament of scholarship. Quiet, studious, but fun-loving, they shared scholastic honour, dividing the Dr. Gordon Chown Prize for Proficiency in History and Science.



Douglas McCawley

Doug. took an active part in Cadets, opera, rugby, hockey, and baseball. He was awarded the Governor-General's medal, presented in all Canadian high schools for scholarship, qualities of leadership, and athletic ability.



Our former Gordon Bell President believed in democratic control through the Students' Council. He was equally successful in acting in Shakespearean plays and singing in Gilbert and Sullivan operas. He starred at athletics and made an excellent Cadet captain—for all these accomplishments, he was awarded the Gordon Bell Staff Prize.





GRADE

Back Row—Duncan Finlayson, Bernard Lett, Blake Atkins, Jack Brickenden, Russell Jordan, Jim Hicks, Art Piggott, Don Bulloch, Victor Nelson.

Third Row—Bruce Watson, Ralph Karle, Alan Laing, Bill Jessiman, Gordon Parks, Bill Irwin, Dennis Cooper, John McGuffin, Colin Henderson, Jim Thomson, John Jones.

Second Row—Sandy Campbell, Stuart Barnett, Gerald Cowley, Allan Cook, Stewart Snider, Jim Lobsinger, Jack McNairnay, Don Rogers, Sid Kastner, Basil Belfie.

Front Row—Cliff Wright, Dave Quece, Bob Publow, Don Brownell, Mr. Snider, Bob Siddall, Dennis James, Don Moore, Allan Dav.

Room 10

The Bright Company of Room 10 began manoeuvers in September under the following officers: O.C., Don Brownell; 2nd I.C., Bob Siddall; Adjutant, Don Moore; Ass't. Adjutant, Sandy Campbell; Recreation officer, Bob Publow; Salvage officer, Allan Day.

The army divided to attack Drama, and for four strenuous nights struggled with the mighty Shakespeare. After this the Company proceeded uneventfully onward, until at the memorable Battle of Ice Hockey, it was proclaimed Jr. Champion for 1941-2.

The Company was soon challenged by the two

famous knights, Sir Wm. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. The challenge was accepted by several of the Company, who fought fiercely their notable opponents, all along the rocky coast of Penzance.

The fields of Rugby, Soccer, Basketball, Band and Orchestra also show signs of the Company's presence. Therefore, it is not without conviction that we predict that the Bright Company of Room 10, under the masterful eye of Mr. Snider, will make even greater progress in Gordon Bell, when it returns next year.

—J. S. BRICKENDEN.

Room 3

The girls of Room 3 have had a very full year, and on the whole, a very successful one. Mr. McIntyre and our officers, Sheila Fisher, Marlyn Elliott, Pat Bell, and Peggy McVey have, in no small way, helped to keep up a high standard.

Near the beginning of the term, we managed to lead the school in ticket sales for the play, although Room 4 proved no mean adversary. We came out tops in the school volley-ball playoffs. The gentlemen of Rooms 22 and 6 are to be thanked for giving

us a supertime on our two parties. Recently, a scavenger hunt was held, by which the room collected about seventy-five pounds of silver paper alone. Although none of us were in the operetta, we again made a good showing by placing third in the ticket competition.

In the course of the year we won the greatest honor in Gordon Bell, the "Dunn Shield," for the highest percentage in total war effort.

-BETTY BELL.



Back Row—Sheila Day, Ann Jansen, Ruth Anderson, Myrtle Whittall, Shirley Johnstone, Isabel Haig, Jacqueline Manning, Gloria Sivertson, June Roche, Arline Clegg, Tannis Moffat.

Third Row—Elsie Baird, Mona Radcliffe, Virginia Coxe, Doreen Cherry, Betty Johnston, Anna Jean Walker, Alice Welsh, Shirley Mercer, Helen Brown, Frances Dodd, Elsie Balzer.

Second Row—Alice McIntosh, Peggy Hogg, Jean McLaren, Muriel Alexander, Blanche Christie, Edith Ashdown, Tannis Thorlakson, Helen Couper, Mary Boreham, Betty Bell, Peggy Wallace.

Front Row—Eva Rome, Kay McVicar, Peggy McVey, Sheila Fisher, Mr. Mc-Intyre, Marlyn Elliott, Patricia Bell, Marjorie Cooper, Anne Campbell, Adair Pedwell.

TENS

Back Row—Basil Wilberforce, Bruce Allan, Glen Neil, Allan Sweet, Bob Buhr, Murray Gordon, John McFarlane, Harvey Kantrowitz, Bruce Young, Bob Young, Herb Chapman.

Third Row—Cam Sibbald, Victor Gaurino, Jim Robertson, Bill McVicar, Sid Mander, Alf Robinson, Bob Shiels, Paul Anderson, Ray Hellofs, Bert Hood, Walter Wong.

Second Row—Alan Burgess, Roman Kroitor, Don Browne-Wilkinson, Paul Wrigglesworth, Max Goldin, Delmar Johnstone, Frank Klepatski, Wilf Albi, Ray Jarjour, Art Edmunson.

Front Row—Stuart Corbett, Eric Smith, Stuart Wood, Jordon Ethans, Bill Morrey, Mr. Fyles, Sigsi Petursson, Doug. Inman, Bob Stimpson, Cliff Tooth.



Room 22

Room 22 has just completed a very eventful, and successful year, under the careful guidance of Mr. Fyles.

As an auspicious beginning, we led the school in the sale of rugby tickets, no doubt because of the fact that eight of our room were on the rugby squad.

We succeeded in taking the Grade 10 Soccer championship; but unfortunately, lost the school championship in a bitterly contested game with Room 20. After recuperating from the Christmas Examinations, we commenced the New Year by taking the Grade 10 Basketball Championship.

Not forgetting our excellent athletic record, we also shine in other branches of the school activities. We were ably represented by two students in Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Another point in which we take great pride is that our president, Bill Morrey, is vice-president of the school.

To more or less wind things up for the year, Room 22 sponsored the "Hobo's Hop," a very successful dance.

In reviewing the year, we of Room 22 feel proud of the showing which we have made at all times.

-Bob Young.

Room 4

Once again we are preparing to throw aside our books for the two glorious months of holidays. We've marked up quite a good record of work in which Maths, English, and French stand out more prominently, perhaps, than do ski-ing, volley-ball, bowling or badminton.

The books, however don't show everything. For instance; in them we can't see Gertrude dozing, Kay and Jean singing, Connie swimming, Edna eating, or Vlassis giggling. Hidden are Fern and Mr. Leavens convening, Shirley planning parties, or the class as a whole, taking its medicine in Room 1. They don't

show our considerable donations to the Red Cross or our contributions to the Opera and Orchestra.

In room competition, however, we have not done particularly well. We have shown great enthusiasm in the Hoogveld plan, and ticket sales; but have not reached the top.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Smith, Shirley, Edith and Grace for their assistance in the past year.

And, come on, Room 4, let's break our record of never coming first!

—JOYCE SIGURDSON.

Back Row—Mary Nestie, Shirley Peach, Joyce Sigurdson, Shirley Patterson, Pat Zeran, Shirley Orr, Gertrude Thow, Virginia Vlassis, Francis Burt, Nina Koski, Lorraine Lockyer.

Third Row—Jean Dempster, Joan McRae, Betty Nighswander, Maxine Grant, Mona Anderson, Fern Little, Ruth Bower, Vera Baker, Winifred Birt, Sheila Markell, Norma Scarth.

Second Row—Joyce Rae, Audrey Young, Shirley McKay, Hjordis Overgaard, Edna Calmaine, Vera Onhauser, Alice Hill, Audrey Throp, Estelle Exelrod, Retah Wodlinger.

Front Row—Patricia Chatwin, Jean Mc-Dougall, Connie Roberts, Grace Cooper, Shirley Boyd, Edith Alexander, Kay Albertson, Betty Neill, Sheila Holmes, Enid Hillhouse.





GRADE

Back Row—Gorgette Dominic, Yvette Fortier, Yvonne Franklin, Emily Isliefson, Queenie Wise, Eulah Storrey, Frances Sheldrake, Grace Parliament, Sheila Kennedy.

Second Row — Peggy Carter, Madelon Drewe, Peggy Speirs, Doris Johannson, Helen Nelson, Olive Donaldson, Betty Palmer, Martha Frieson, Gladys De La-Vignette, Doreen Caughey.

Front Row—Betty Lock, Doreen Higgins, Lee Whillans, Joan Hanbury, Mrs. Haye, Julia Barr, Mildred Sandness, Lillian Davis, Shirley Jaggard, Jean Lewis.

Room 5

Perpetually at 8.59 A.M., through a half-closed door, enter our late comers, led by President Julia Barr, to patiently pant through the opening exercises before presenting excuses.

Even though late for classes, we are never late in meeting our quotas for the Hoogveld plan, and consequently we have achieved a fine record under the leadership of Patriot Betty Lock.

Our Red Cross Representative, Eulah Storry, has achieved success in persuading the girls to put forth their best effort. Due to unceasing care on her part,

we have done some splendid work.

The rest of our Staff: Sheila Allingham, Vice-President, Joan Hanbury, Secretary-Treasurer and Librarian, and Mildred Sandness, Sports Captain, have also fulfilled their duties efficiently throughout the year. It is in no small way due to their constant efforts that we can look back on the past year as one of the best that we have ever spent. However, successful as this year was, looking forward, we are confident that we can make next year an even greater success.

-Joan Hanbury.

Room 14

Lights! Camera! Action! The Kleig lights are focused on that room of rooms the indomitable 14, aided(?) by such capable room officers as Jack Couper, our room Prexy, and Derek Ashton, vice-president (with emphasis on vice). Controlling the financial problems is sincere and honest (we hope) Bill Chapman.

Bill "Baby Face" Tindall, and Dave "Blues" Boddy, handle the sports end of the field, and very well, too. We must add a word of our industrious and dynamic First Patriot, Charles Holte (with an E, y'know) who helps noticeably in spurring on the stu-

dents to greater activities. We have a librarian, Leslie Taylor, but his duties are very light, as our library period has vanished from our intensive curriculum.

Perhaps our English is lacking in some essential qualities, but not our musical or dramatic talent, as witness our participation in the play and the opera, both of which were grand successes.

To end this eventful chapter, we say thank you to our sympathetic teachers, whom we realize are striving diligently for our benefit.

-DUNCAN HORNER.



Back Row—Ray Muir, Bob Shilliday, Jim Cameron, Dave Boddy, Mervin Rombough, John Moore, Frank Holden, Ward Watson, Tom Captain.

Third Row—Bill Thompson, Duncan Horner, Bill Reid, Jim Decaro, Bod Dowd, John Gibson, Alvin Coote, Ray Constable.

Second Row—Ivan Powell, Cliff Lawrence, Reg. Friend, Lawrence Klause, Frank Billington, Victor Goertzen, John Johnson, Ronald Tibble.

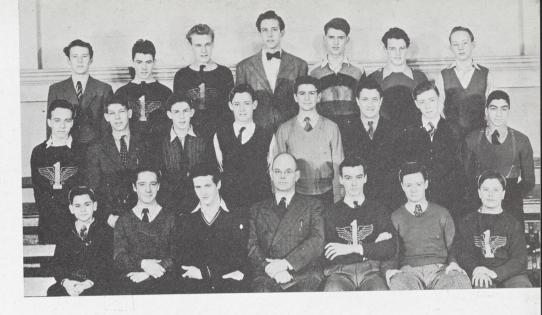
Front Row—Charles Holte, Bill Chapman, Derek Ashton, Mr. Arnason, Jack Couper, Leslie Taylor, Bill Tindall, Alan Heselwood.

TENS

Back Row, Left to Right—Jack Currie, Gordon Bennett, Gordon Thompson, Harvey McKinnon, Gordon Anderson, Tom Kay, Bruce Pringle.

Second Row, Left to Right—Garth Wilson, Raymond Rynbend, Alfred Zimmerman, Richard Henry, Frank Maitland, Murray Mark, Lloyd Whitten, Victor Gerbassi.

Front Row, Left to Right—Edmund Morrison, Ross Singleton, Peter Morrison, Mr. Simms, Bob Davidson, Art McLellan, Ed Clackson.



Room 1

That den of horrors, where all recalcitrant students spend their hours after four, is, during the school hours, the abode of that fierce and strong tribe of warriors which hides under the name of Room 1.

Although a small group, the tribe makes up in quality and punch for what it lacks in size. Five of them were mixed up in the notable gridiron battles, in which Gordon Bell participated. Bernard Despens found school life too tame. He's in the Air Force now.

The tribe fought hard in room basketball, defeat-

ing Room 14, but losing to Rooms 22 and 10. Harvey McKinnon was its sole representative on the Senior Rasketball team.

Ross Singleton, one of the tribal members, took part in the school's Shakespearean play, "As You Like It." He played the part of Silvius.

We were pleased to note that a former student in our room, Gordon Martin, placed third in the men's slalom race at Banff this year.

-Ross Singleton.

Room 23

Room 23 gives its best performance in the morning. Everyone hopes that Eileen Johnson, our worthy president, will get here before the last bell. The noise in the lobby is probably Betty Jeanes, dancing with her shadow. Flo Buchanan and Joyce Bergstrom are feverishly running around trying to sell tickets, while Mary looks at her French book in despair. Miss Doran feels queer and turns from Shirley to find the suspicious look of Miss Flanders upon

her. The attempt at harmonizing by Elsie Mackenzie and Pat Ledingham seems to please Lily, who nods her approval to Accordion June. Above all the room's noise, Nonie and Joyce's voices can be heard, while Velma tries to get her contribution in. Comes 9.30, comes Joy. An odd bus will be late, you know, and Joy will be on it. All are here who will be here, so the class settles down to the usual grind of hard work which has been done all year?—Grace Cunningham.

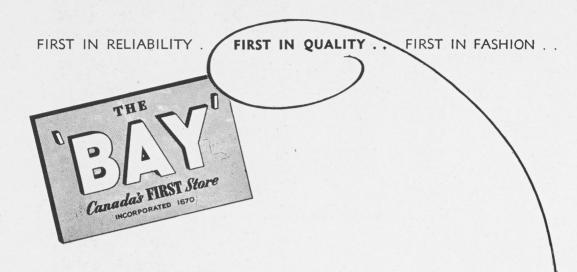
Back Row—Betty Doran, Elsie Mackenzie, Grace Cunningham, Betty Wright, Verna Downie, Lily North, Dorothy Byers, Jacqueline Borland, June Callaghan, Doris Cobb.

Third Row—Irene Kellett, Joyce Standen, Marie Lessard, Ruth Coughlin, Velma McAree, Audrey Warrington, Joyce Colman, Joyce Johnson, Vivian Miles.

Second Row—Marion Woolverton, Betty Johnson, Hazel Forzley, Betty Fields, Pat Fellows, Joyce Bergstrom, Florence Buchanan, Eleanor Wylie, Joyce King, Shirley Otley.

Front Row—Ethel Halpenny, Mary Abbott, Joy Allman, Eileen Johnson, Miss Flanders, June Mawson, Betty Jeanes, Kay Buchanan, Shirley Hayden.





QUALITY ...

SUDDENLY...it's more important than ever

We've known a lot about QUALITY for a long, long time. Suddenly, this by-word which we have almost taken for granted . . . assumes new importance. Whatever you buy to-day must be an investment that will endure through to-morrow and to-morrow. QUALITY is certainly economy in the long run.

Therefore, we talk about Quality . . . not as a boast, but as a reminder that The Bay is at the same post, guarding the same tenets of Quality, reliability and honest value as we have done in this community for generations.





LITERARY



The Gordon Bell Library

We should like to dedicate these lines to the people of the Future; the people who although unknown and unacclaimed to-day, are nevertheless preparing to build up the world of To-morrow. The world will need its thinkers, its poets, its scientists, and its writers. Even though the world to-day is trembling and in chaos, To-morrow will be a new day, fresh and shining; and it will be their day. That is why we salute those who are seeking the help of the greatest thinkers of yesterday and today, in order that they may find inspiration for the To-morrow that lies in their hands. It is why we thank those who made possible this collection of words, and deeds, and thoughts; and housed them in our library.

Who are they, these people of the future? They are the people who think, who learn, who dream. They are not those who talk the most, or who are the best known in the school; that is why we acclaim them here. May we salute, for instance, a future scientist, in Pat Rooney (20), one of those who has been reaping benefits from the books and magazines of a scientific nature. In the field of Arts, Verna Coughlin (13) has shown great interest in the poetry section; while one of the most ardent students of music during the past year has been Fern Little (4). Fervent classical students are Stanley Baldwin (15) and Fred Harper (15); and French has had its devotees in Joan Tucker (18) and Olive Pincock (3); while Paul Wiggleworth (22) and Andy Thompson (15) have been earnest students of history. The lives of great men have been eagerly studied by Blake Thomson (15), Betty McBride (21), and Deirdre Gilhuly (8); while names conspicuous in the

literary section are Bob Siddall (10) and Betty Bell (3). Max Golden (22) obviously intends to succeed in the field of radio writing; and Betty Skiffington (9) and Don Mackenzie (2) are names which occur frequently in the section of business practice. The future career of Joan Francis (18) is bound to be successful, if numerous books on "Charm" are any guarantee. Finally, mention must be made of the newest and one of the most popular sections of our library—that on aviation. Gerald Nicholl (6), Allan Cooke (10), Grant Neal (6), and Jack Moxam (6) have shown by their interest in the books and magazines of this section that they will go far, and doubtless makes names for themselves in the field of aviation.

Thanks are also due to those who love books so much that they are eager to work for the library; who, by their helpful co-operation and untiring service, have ensured that all the library business runs smoothly:—the Librarians. Room 1: Ross Singleton. Room 2: Bob Christie. Room 3: Peggy Hogg. Room 4: Sheila Holmes. Room 5: Joan Hanbury. Room 6: Don Aitkins. Room 8: Craig Nicolson and Deirdre Gilhuly. Room 9: Marianne McIvor. Room 10: Bernard Lett. Room 13: Verna Coughlin. Room 14: Leslie Taylor. Room 15: Lorne Leitch. Room 16: Doris Scott. Room 18: Joan Tucker. Room 20: Pat Rooney. Room 21: Betty McBride. Room 22: Siggi Peterson. Room 23: Elsie Mackenzie.

In conclusion, the students of this school would like to thank Miss Anderson, the school librarian, whose painstaking efforts have made the library one of the bright spots in our school life.

Comments on Our Literary Endeavours

The Editorial Staff of the Purple and Gold wishes to express its appreciation to Professor Phelps and to Mr. Pickersgill for their freely given time and effort. It is due to the co-operation of these gentlemen that we are enabled to present once again a Literary Section of which we feel proud.

PROFESSOR A. L. PHELPS

Miss Grahame came to my office and said, "Here they are. We think it's wonderful. All the Gordon Bellers, feller poets." Or something like that.

I turned the envelope over. "Not very heavy," I

said.

Miss Grahame's face saddened. "Do you think

poetry should be heavy?" she asked.

"No," I answered, "not always; but there's Milton, you know; and some people would say that Wordsworth isn't exactly light reading. What do you think? What about Gordon Bellers in general? Do you think Mr. Green reads much poetry? What about Miss King? Do you think she goes in for Shelley or Walt Whitman? Miss Grahame, tell me honestly," I said, "do you just love poetry?"

Miss Grahame seemed to me to go very sad again. She looked out at all the sad people on Portage Avenue. The weather seemed a little sad too. The streets didn't look a bit like a fresh chocolate cake, but they reminded both of us of a chocolate cake when the icing has all run off it. The streets looked very sad.

Miss Grahame didn't answer.

"Miss Grahame," I said again gently, "do you just

love poetry?"

I waited, I lifted the envelope again. "Night Lyric" fell out. "That's an accident," I said. Miss Grahame was suddenly very alert.

"Oh, it couldn't be," she said. "It's a sign. That must be the best poem of all the Gorden Bell poems."

"I had to be stern. I said, "Miss Grahame, you appall. Do you mean to say you judge poetry in that fashion? Don't you know the difference between good poetry and bad poetry? Can't you recognize a halting metre, a bad rhyme, a silly idea? Don't you ever feel funny because of poetry? Doesn't poetry make you feel wonderful, and sometimes just awful? Aren't you as sure of it when you find it, as you are when you sniff onions? And to think, Miss Grahame, that you, the Literary Editor of the Year Book, would judge poetry by chance; as if poetry were cabbages—"

"What I've been trying to say," said Miss Grahame, "is that I only read it by accident and I thought if I read it by accident perhaps you might judge it by accident. I thought it might help you to do it that way. I thought it might save you a lot of trouble."

As a matter of fact Miss Grahame's method proved a very good one. I found no poem substantially better than "Night Lyric." Though with it, I think, should be published "There Was a Man," "Storm," "A Beacon of Liberty," and, surely, "Our Gordon Bell."

Miss Grahame seemed quite pleased when I informed her how well her way of judging worked. She said she thought all Gordon Bellers judged poetry by accident. I said "Do you mean instinct?" She said, "Maybe."

T. B. PICKERSGILL

The first place this year in the "Purple and Gold" essay contest was taken by "The Coming of Night." The most pleasing feature of this essay is the dramatic style employed by the writer. The reader's interest is secured in the opening sentence and held throughout. The plot is exciting and is well developed. The opening sentence is excellent. It is short, forceful, and succeeds in arousing immediate curiosity as to what is to follow. With the exception of a few sentences beginning with a conjunction the composition is good. The sentences are short and the paragraphs correctly divided. The choice of words is excellent.

Second choice must of necessity go to "An Idler in an Art Gallery" for the writer's use of a vivid imagination. The plot is original, interesting, and picturesque. The choice of words is good and the writer shows an appreciation of the effectiveness of

Our Gordon Bell - - By ALICE HILL

In Salvage and Certificates,
In our Sewing and in Song,
We're proud the way that our schoolmates
Have carried right along.
Our Gordon Bell is doing well
To hold her place of honor,
And with good heart
We'll do our part
To bring new fame upon her.

Our Gordon Bell is serving well In Freedom's grim endeavor; God save our King and Heaven bless Our Gordon Bell forever.

the arresting phrase. The composition is, however, faulty in places. There are too many paragraphs. A few of the sentences are loosely constructed and the whole style tends to be disconnected.

The winner of the third place is "Smile." The plot lacks a little imagination and is not very interesting. While the thought is noble, the presentation is rather obvious. The opening sentence is short and effective. In several places original phraseology has been employed with good effect. However, there are one or

two incomplete sentences.

"Ladies' Hats" took fourth place. Although knowing very little about the subject we found it amusing. The attempt to be humorous is somewhat overdone. A better effect might have been secured had the writer not exaggerated quite so much. The opening sentence is unfortunate, it does not excite immediate interest and curiosity. The phraseology is quite poor. The choice of words suggests that the writer has an extensive vocabulary.

THE WINNING SHORT STORY

Dusk to Dawn

By MILDRED HALL

"Nice night for a raid! Looks as if we're in for some fun-Bella's going up fast." The little redfaced man with the white "W" on his helmet threw the words cheerily to the young couple seated upon the white sandbagged parapet of the shelter. The fat, lumbering barrage balloon thus familiarly referred to, gyrated madly, like some blind and asthmatic old bulldog straining at the leash; and then, as if realizing that the eyes of all London were turned that way, sailed confidently into the pearly grey of an October dusk, to become a mere globule of silver drifting among the greying clouds. Quickly, as if a spring had been touched, a hundred more followed all over the city, until the sky was foaming with shining bubbles. The air-raid warden of district E.21 did not stop to notice the beauty, however-it was an ominous presage of a troubled night to follow. As he repassed the moody couple on the white-washed sandbags, he was half minded to call them in; but they seemed to be in the throes of a tiff, and the warden was always a man for letting people enjoy themselves while they could. Besides, they would be forced to come in soon enough.

"I'm sorry, Alan, but I just can't understand," she

was saying, in a low voice.

"It would be absolutely incomprehensible to you"—his reply was bitter, and she flushed slightly, "—that any man . . ." At this moment the first siren went, away in the distance, like the mournful wail of the wind through broken windows. Others took up the song, one after another, until the chorus became so loud that teeth were set instinctively; and then it stopped suddenly, just as it was becoming unbearable.

"We'd better go down," said Betty flatly, and led the way through the low doorway, down the rough steps into the dark passage. At the end of this was another low doorway and beyond, the space reserved for the handful of people so carelessly thrown together, night after night, by a mischievous Fate.

Betty and Alan surveyed the room from the archway, glancing quickly at each of its inmates. The same old crowd—that stiff young curate was here again; the loquacious Mrs. Binnings and her acquiescent friend, the old man they addressed as "Grandfer"; and someone else—a tired-looking woman in a blue shawl, who sat on the hard bench rocking an improvised cradle. Betty clutched her companion's arm; "Oh, Alan—look! The warden told us about her—she's the poor Belgian woman who is living with this family. I'm going over to speak to her."

Alan merely grunted and sat down on the bench, nervously and absent-mindedly lighting a cigarette. "No smoking, if you please!" The Rev. Paul's voice was much louder than he had intended it to be, and he flushed self-consciously. Had he spoken too harshly? The young man had stubbed out his cigarette against the boarded wall with a disgusted glance; and Mrs. Binnings had murmured something about "some people who like to think a lot of themselves." Had it been any of his business? It was so hard to know what was the right thing to do—he had agreed

with joy to the suggestion that he should spend his nights in the shelter, "just to cheer the poor people up a bit, you know," but he was hating it more every night. He did not seem to be able to talk to these people, and he felt worse than useless. But if only he could do something! He settled himself as unobtrusively as possible in his corner and closed his eyes.

Meanwhile, Betty had paused to admire the blueeyed baby, sleeping behind the screen, that had been made from some old clothes-horse. She touched the dark curls gently, and smiled at the sad-eyed mother bending over the cradle.

"He's awfully sweet! What is his name?"

"Pierre," replied his mother unsmilingly, and picked him up quickly as if she resented Betty's touch. Mindful of the sad story behind the lined face and sunken eyes, Betty tried to engage her in cheerful conversation, but at length passed on, abashed and rather resentful of the other's suspicious stare.

Pierre's mother sank back into her seat and placed the baby among the blankets once more. How she wished that they would leave her alone! All so curious, so prying—asking to tell about the things that she didn't dare even to think of—jabbering so brightly and expecting her to understand every word—trying, she was sure, to take Pierre away from her—but she wouldn't let them touch him, not even touch him—And she lay back and began to dream of a straight white road and tall poplar trees; whitewashed houses with winking windows . . .

The guns were getting louder now, and the walls shuddered sometimes, as if afraid of the crashing detonations.

It was after a particularly loud crash that Betty spoke again, reverting to the one topic, that had been on her lips ever since Alan had received his conscription papers. "Doesn't that make you feel differently, Alan? To think that those bombs are killing so many defenceless people?"

"Betty—we've been over it so many times before. To agree to fight is to agree that this sort of thing can go on—it's murder, Betty!"

"But don't you realize that it's you who would be murdered if everyone refused to fight? Can't you see it my way?"

"If everyone thought as I do, it couldn't go on—but why am I excusing myself to you? I'll save my arguments for the Objectors' Tribunal next week."

Betty flinched—"They have words for men like you, Alan, in these days. I couldn't have my name coupled with a 'conchie's'—you realize that?"

He turned slowly, his eyes wide. "Do you mean that, Betty? I didn't know you thought more of your high ideals of patriotism that you did of me."

"Yes, I meant it." She was silent for a moment. "Alan—I must make you see—" She stopped self-consciously as she realized that in their excitement they had raised their voices, and now had a very interested audience.

"Go on, dearie," broke in Mrs. Binnings. "You tell 'im wot's wot!"

Alan rose to his feet blindly, and stumbled to the door, pausing there for a minute and glancing back. Betty kept her eyes on the ground, however, and he turned swiftly and disappeared.

"He shouldn't ought to have gone out," said Mrs. Binnings reprovingly, "the Jerries are getting close and it's dangerous."

Betty glanced up, startled, and made as if to run after him, but changed her mind and sat back in the seat, flashing a glance which clearly said: "Please mind your own business!"

"They're really very close tonight," the Rev. Paul broke in, with a gasping voice. All eyes turned in his direction but no-one answered, and he wished immediately that he had not spoken. The silence was broken by Grandfer's high rasping voice, informing everyone that "the last one sounded mighty near the 'Bull and Cock';" and then, as several more fell with sickening crumps, that, "there would always be eleven bombs in one district if more than seven fell, because that's how they go—five or seven or eleven in a stick—very interesting, isn't it?"

A murmur of singing voices came through the partition dividing this section of the shelter from the next, and while everyone was listening idly to the sound, the warden came bustling in at the doorway. He glanced around at the gloomy group and remarked cheerfully, "All one big happy family! That's how we do things here!" Little Pierre began to whimper fitfully, and his mother opened her eyes and looked down upon him reflectively. She was so used to hearing him cry that it meant nothing to her now—he had cried for days, as she had made the weary journey to escape from the invaders, and she was hardened now to his tears.

"There's nothing like a song to cheer you up," the warden was saying. "We'll show them! Come on, now, everybody—'Roll out the Barrel!'"

Obediently a few voices joined his—Mrs. Binnings' surprising squeak and Grandfer's wheezy tenor sounding above the rest. With a start, the Rev. Paul realized guiltily that he should be joining in—but he had imagined himself leading hymns. However—and he started with a yell that surprised him as much as it did everyone else. Pierre's cries grew louder and his mother closed her eyes wearily. These English! They would sing!—Betty rose to her feet and turned towards the doorway, but the warden, suspecting her intention, caught her by the arm. It was at this moment—they had just reached "the gang's all here" —that the bomb fell.

It was not at all sudden—they heard the staccato throb of the plane for some minutes before, while the song died down on a deathly hush. Then the sound of the falling bomb was audible above the engine, a screaming whistle which became louder and louder until everyone knew that it would be a direct hit. Time stopped, and for a few never-ending seconds all

feeling stopped also, leaving an entirely impersonal wish that the bomb would hurry up. For a moment all seemed suspended in space, and then there was nothing but timber and choking dust.

Betty opened her eyes, as if awakening from a long dream. It had not been a direct hit after all, but one side of the shelter was caved in, and the air was thick with dust and falling plaster. Betty rose unsteadily to her feet, and, pushing her hair back, glanced quickly around the room. She had not been hurt, only thrown to her knees—indeed, the only person who had been injured, appeared to be the warden, who had been nearest to the door, and the flying debris. He was lying unconscious, with a thin trickle of blood oozing from his forehead.

Pierre's mother was sitting with her blue shawl thrown over hear head, and the baby—involuntarily, Betty screamed. The beam just above Pierre's head was splitting with the force of the weight above it; the wood was splintering and a thin stream of mortar was crumbling down into the cradle, but the Rev. Paul was swifter—he had already reached the corner and was bending, with his shoulder braced against the crashing beam. It was the work of an instant for Betty to grab Pierre away a second before the crash came. He was crying lustily now, and she cradled him gently in her arms until his wails died down to a soft grumbling.

Pierre's mother had not moved; she stared as if dazed until suddenly she began to sob. She had been so resentful of all their kindness, and now they had saved little Pierre! He looked so comfortable in Betty's arms that she made no movement to take him away—besides, she would understand people better in future; courage meant the same in any language.

It was not for some minutes that they began to look around, and several more before they realized that the door was completely blocked and that although for the most part unhurt, they were absolutely entombed. Betty was the first to realize it, and she looked around wide-eyed, to meet the Rev. Paul's level gaze.

"They won't take long to reach us, once they find out that we're here," he said confidently. "Suppose we try and make the warden comfortable first." In a short while they had him lying as comfortably as possible on a couch of rugs, with the wound on his forehead bound with torn strips of linen; the young curate's own torn and bruised shoulder was bound with Madame's shawl; and the baby, his sobs died down to a quiet whisper, lay in his mother's arms.

A weary vigil began—the hours wore on and the little group found it harder and harder to join in the Rev. Paul's cheerful conversation. Totally at his ease now, he talked blithely, cheerfully confident, and instinctively taking over the leadership of the band. The electricity had failed at the first shock, but the emergency oil lamps were still burning brightly, and it was he who turned them down in order to conserve the light; he who produced a bar of welcome chocolate; he who insisted that Betty lie down and try to



sleep. She did fall into a fitful doze after a while, murmuring the name "Alan" pitifully as they covered her with a blanket.

The moon was growing wan now, and the stars outside seemed to be receding farther and farther into a sky that was growing paler every minute.

It was just before dawn that they heard the first far-off clatter of picks in the rubble—the lamps were very low and the air was hazy, so that one's eyes played queer tricks—was this not some trick of hearing? But there was no mistake—the minutes of waiting seemed as long as those weary hours of night, while the noise of rescue came closer towards them. A half-demented, dishevelled Alan was the first into the room, and he picked Betty up without a word and carried her into the open.

A strange cavalcade followed, stumbling wearily over the debris with their eyes fixed on the stars ahead. There was Mrs. Binnings, with Pierre in her arms, and Madame stumbling behind; the Rev. Paul with a tired smile on his face; and Grandfer, hastily describing his adventures to the rescuers who were helping him out. One by one they stepped out into the cool grass, wet with dew, and accepted gratefully the steaming cups of tea offered by the sympathetic bystanders.

"Eh, you must have had a time of it!" said one. "I bet its an experience you wouldn't go through again for the world—awful, it must have been!" But no-one was listening—Alan was whispering in a remorseful jumble, "I never knew how precious you were, Betty—when I thought that they might have killed you I would have fought a hundred Germans—you were right—and it took a bomb to make me see it—oh, I was a fool, darling—" Madame was watching happily as they covered over Pierre, and trying to tell the story of his rescue; the Rev. Paul was fast asleep with a blissful smile on his face.

The moon gave one last lingering look at the scene and vanished over the horizon, while in the East deep swirls of rosy yellow were being splashed over the sky by an unseen painter. A crimson light touched each silver bubble in the sky and slowly the balloons came drifting down to earth again—dawn had come.

A Beacon of Liberty - - By ALICE HILL

There's a grand little land
Where the gangster band
Will never enslave the free,
Where the British breed
With its bulldog creed
Will stand for no tyranny.
With her empire sons
To man her guns
And with help from you and me,
That grand little land
Will forever stand
As a Beacon of Liberty.

There Was a Man - By MILDRED HALL

Once, long ago, when Earth was very young, There was a man who found a living flame, And worshipped it . . .

The first sharp notes of birdsong, piercing sweet, Had barely probed the mists of that first dawn; And man was puzzled, childlike, while his tongue Sought faltering for words it could not find, While in his heart a Thing he could not name Twisted and writhed. Not Fear—he had known Fear—But something more. Deep in those lambent eyes, Smouldering with realizations yet unborn, Dawned instincts which had slept until this day. "This thing," he whispered, peering through the leaves Where he had fled in first soul-searing fear—"This light, this life that came down from the sky, That leaps like ecstasies within men's hearts—This thing is God!"

The years fled by in panic-stricken streams And heedless man pursued relentlessly, Intent on catching each age as it fell And squeezing out the secrets it might hold, Then tossing it, like some old, wrinkled fruit Left by the winds to rot upon the ground. At length he found the Secret of the flame, Yet was not satisfied.

As man came onward with the tumbling years He found a thousand things he could not name And, wondering, called each his god in turn. The day, perhaps, was therefore bound to come When he should look with disillusioned eyes Upon a world stripped clean of mystery And say—"Man is his own divinity!" For we have flown as high as thought can soar And peered into a void of naked space. Where whirling worlds are tossed by tortuous winds. And silence screams and crashing fear rides high. -We learnt anew, but meanwhile lost our God! And we have plumbed the depths below the earth, And found a world of swaying serpent-green, Where silvered eddies, luminous and pale, Paint nacreous whorls on velvet-smothered stone. But where, then, is this God? He is not there! Then man, rich with this new-found wisdom, made Machines to take the place of deities, And gave his new religions learned names, And worshipped eagerly.

But in his heart the instincts that had dawned When first man saw the fearfulness at fire, Laughed softly. Foolish man! Could he not see That he was worshipping his intellect Because he could not understand the depths And heights of his unfathomed soul? The years he had been searching for his God—Were they not proof enough that God was there? For, long ago, when earth was very young, There was a man who found a leaping flame, And called it God.



1942

THE WINNING ESSAY

The Coming of Night

The clock in the square booms eleven times. The figure standing on the wet pavement looks at the clock's broad face, blurred by the rain and fog which shrouds the square in mystery. The boy is the only person in sight. He has turned his shabby coat collar up around his ears, and his ragged felt hat is misshapen and drenched with rain. He walks up and down the square, stopping now and then to lift his face to the black skies above, and allows the rain to beat unmercifully on his upturned features. Far in the distance a train whistle blows, three lonely gasps in the still night. At this the boy walks faster up the square, and something that isn't rain travels down his cheek.

He had been sixteen that night long ago. A sixteen year old boy with frightened eyes and trembling lips. He had never ridden the rails before and had never expected to do so. But time and fate change many destinies, so he was sitting in an empty freight car speeding through the night. He sat rigid, with his head forward and his hands clenched so hard that

By KATHRYN ALBERTSON

the nails bit into his palms. When the train stopped at a tiny station and the man hoisted himself into the car, the boy's throat went dry, and he sucked in his breath, hard. But the man smiled and spoke quietly. So the boy smiled too. From that night forward they never parted. They saw the world together and travelled in a luxury seldom derived from such a way of life. They lay in freight cars yet slept like babes; they supped on dry bread yet dined like kings. Their thirst was quenched with laughter and their hunger satisfied with friendship. And so they saw the world together. Until yesterday, when the man had gone away forever.

The boy lifts his face once more, then turns and disappears around the corner. That night a train streaks into darkness and the boy lies swaying on the rough boards of a freight car. He bumps against the wall when the train lurches and his back aches. He is no longer a king living on laughter and love. He travels alone.

THE WINNING POEM

Night Lyrico

By MILDRED HALL

Deep, deep, deep in slumber, brooding the islands lie; Golden the honey-burdened moon droops heavy in the sky; The stars are swarming silently, a hive of muted bees, While through the hemlocks stealthily there crawls a sibilant breeze. With probing, questing points of ice the lights flare in the sky—Deep in darkling solitude the lonely lakelands lie.

Deep, deep, deep as eternity, sullen the waters lie;
A glassy pool of fantasy, extending to the sky,
Dark as a bowl of emptiness, dense as a velvet bed,
With paths of silver reaching to the star-drops overhead.
The lights are weird and flaring in an arc across the sky—
Deep in questing mystery the silent lakelands lie.

Storm

By MILDRED HALL

A storm came down at sunset on the Lake—
We knew its advent by the deathly hush,
And then the far-off murmuring of sound
That grew into a headlong, screaming rush
Of wind that bent each tree in turn,
Till all were humbly bowed to kiss the ground.
Something within me answered to the call;
I ran down to the shore and there I stayed
To watch the wind make each tree bend and sway
Into a giant harp through which it played
The wild, the mighty, glorious Song of Storm.
I listened, spellbound, till it died away.

The storm was over. By the water's edge
The little wavelets laughed and sang again.
The mist rolled off the lake, and in the sky
The setting sun shone through the lessening rain,
To form a golden pathway. Through the leaves,
An errant breeze soughed, softly as a sigh.
I stood there, in the facade of the sun,
All soaked in rain, with tumbled, windswept hair,
Swathed round in crimson glory for a dress.
My heart was not my own—I worshipped there
And hymned the sun in wild and pagan joy
For Life and Youth and all this loveliness.

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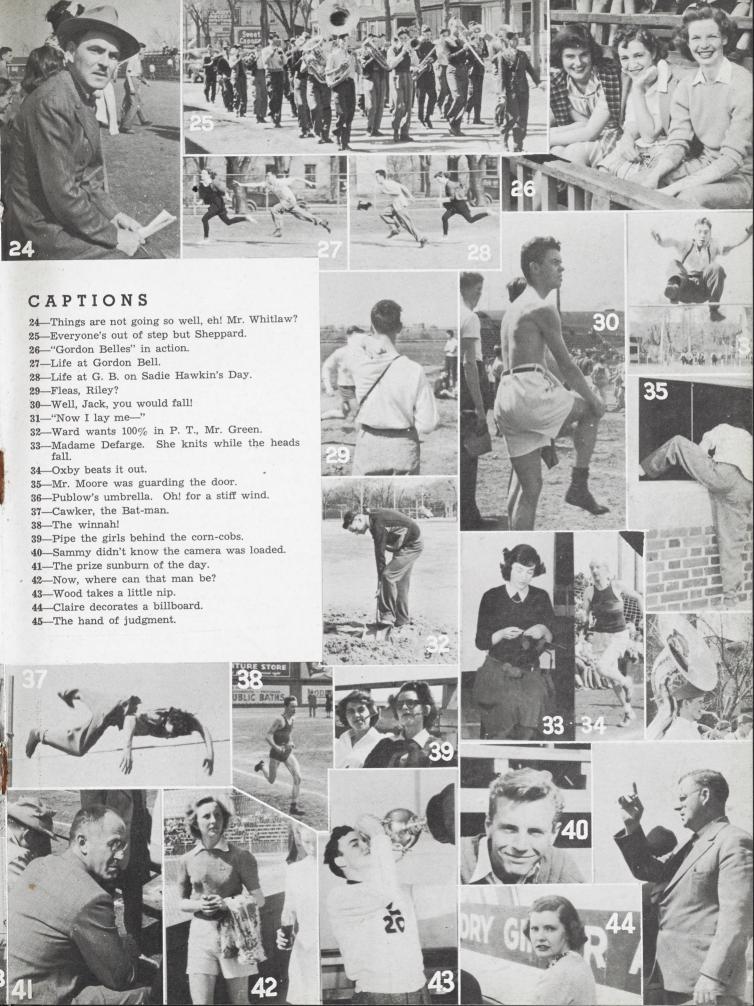
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ACTIVITIES







The Play

last named. Whenever any of them were on the stage

"As You Like It"

Gordon Bell is known for its many extra-curricular activities, which give students an opportunity to obtain experience in different activities outside of their school work. One of the most popular of these projects, throughout the year, is the presentation of one of Shakespeare's plays.

This year, it was decided to produce "As You Like It." If Shakespeare had seen the dress rehearsal he would have turned over in his grave. However, it is said that a poor dress rehearsal precedes a good performance. Luckily for everyone concerned, this old axiom was borne out. The performances were quite satisfactory and earned hearty applause from the audience, who seemed to enjoy the comedy.

For four successive nights the bold Orlando defied his wicked brother and won the fair Rosalind. For four nights the beautiful Rosalind disguised herself, making a very handsome boy indeed. For four nights the wicked schemers, Duke Frederick and Oliver, plotted their vile actions, only to be overthrown in the end. For four nights Duke Senior argued with his rustic band, and held high revel in the Forest of Arden. For four nights the noble William, wooed, very convincingly, the little peasant Audrey, who seemed to turn a deaf ear to his eloquent appeals. They say clothes make the man, and in the case of Touchstone nothing more need be said. The audience almost went into hysterics at the actions of the three

the audience was assured of a laugh.

The success of the play is one fine example of the co-operation evidenced in all phases of school life. The cast would be the first to admit that the whole school was responsible for the outstanding success of "As You Like It." From the stage hands, the prompters, the make-up men, up to the leads and the director, everyone was responsible for the success of

The whole school would once again like to thank Mr. Snider, the play producer, who worked tirelessly throughout the entire production. Aided by Miss MacTavish, he picked a fine cast who attended rehearsals religiously. He also headed the stage hands, who were making scenery, and helped do practically everything else in connection with the play. Everybody sold tickets in an effort to make the performances a sell-out. Many of the lady teachers helped make up the cast, and others were in charge of costumes. The orchestra, directed by Mr. F. C. Hubble, supplied the audience with delightful music between acts.

Those taking leads in the play were: Fred Bickell as Orlando; Joy Allman as Rosalind; Charles Holte as Oliver; Joan Burton as Celia; Ward Greenwood as Duke Senior; Mac Stuart as Duke Frederick; Jack Nixon as Jacques; Elton Hobson as Touchstone; and Lawrence Klause as Adam.

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The Opera

Once again a splendid cast of Gordon Bell students has made the annual musical production a "bang up" success. Their gay presentation of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance" truly thrilled a capacity audience on each of four nights. The glowing reports in both newspapers were most gratifying to the cast, and to the school as a whole; especially as the Opera was produced with a mimimum of time, and a maximum of co-operation and effort. The work entailed was certainly not in vain, if the hearty laughs enjoyed by the audience are any criterion.

The Pirates of Penzance is, of course, a comedy, overflowing with buoyancy and color. The policeman's chorus, in the part of the terrified and slightly befuddled aggressors, never failed to draw peals of laughter in their attempts to overthrow the swaggering pirates. These gentlemen with their outlandish costumes and weapons were exceedingly boisterous. Many hilarious situations developed when they made known their designs on the chorus of fair maidens. When we say fair maidens, we mean it; for it is doubtful if a daintier, fairer group of young ladies ever captivated the hearts of rough pirates.

Gilbert and Sullivan operas are famous for their sprightly music. The "Pirates" is no exception. Mabel's magnificent "Poor Wandering One" always succeeded in calling fourth heart-felt applause. The beautiful rendition of "Hail Poetry" was acclaimed by many as the high point of all the choral work.

"Pirates of Penzance"

To Miss Spence, small in stature, but great in interpretive ability, goes most of the credit for the opera's success. From her it caught that spark of life which gave it its essential enthusiasm. Miss Robertson, patient at all times, transformed awkward boys and girls into a tripping chorus of pirates and maidens. Versatile Mr. Snider, handy with paint brush or score, was indispensable at all times. Clayton Lee, a former graduate, demonstrated the comical side of every situation.

Mabel was played with charm by Joy Ellis and Margaret Abbott. Ted Siddall and Bob Thorlakson made manly Fredericks, while Russell Sutherland and Stuart Weatherhead were effective as the Major Generals. Edith was well portrayed by Jean Ramsay and Kathryn Albertson. Marianne Maciver as Kate, and Molly Ashley and Joyce Plenderleith as Isabel, were excellent. Bob Furney and Jim Smith, Pirate Kings; and Frank Myers and Calvin Wardrope Samuels, made swashbuckling pirates. Ruth was played with great ability by Betty Hutchinson and Joy Whillans. Bob Gee and Harold Johnson were hilarious Sergeants of Police.

The pianists this year were Alice Hill, Hjordis Overgaard and Betty Nighswander, who worked faithfully over the scores. Great credit is due them for their persistence and fine efforts.

Our Musical War Effort

The enthusiastic spirit of our choir has been observed in Winnipeg. Miss Spence has lead a jovial group of youthful songsters before several audiences, each time with the same stirring effort. Everyone enjoyed hearing rousing selections from The Pirates of Penzance, with which were intermingled a few patriotic numbers.

One Sunday evening in March, we sang at the Airmen's Club. Following this we had the privilege

of taking part in a Hong Kong War Relief Concert, staged in the Isaac Brock auditorium. Finally we answered a call to sing at the Y.M.C.A., before a splendid group of soldiers.

This is just another way in which Gordon Bell pupils are contributing to the war effort. If we have in any way aided this great cause, we feel our small sacrifice well repayed.

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The Band

The piping of flutes, the blare of trumpets, and the beating of drums began timidly, swelled, and then suddenly the band became one of Gordon Bell's most important organizations. The band has increased this year in numbers, volume, and excellency. In early fall, Mr. Snider organized this group; but due to his numerous other activities has resigned from its leadership. Under its new commander, Warrant Officer South of the Royal Canadian Air Force, the band is again active.

They had a rousing welcome and uproarious applause, when they appeared at the Rugby games, and at Field Day, and were greeted enthusiastically by the students in auditorium periods. They play with a typical military swing.

Our band was granted the honor of playing at the Church Parade for the R.C.A.F. Cadets, and at the R.C.A.F. Cadet Inspection. They also performed splendidly at our own Cadet Inspection.

The Orchestra

They're at it again! Gordon Bell's orchestra swung into session again this year. It was pleasant to note that most of last year's members still were in a position to turn out, accompanied, of course, by a sizeable crop of new-comers. After tuning up, they settled down to elect their officers. Ken Thorlakson became president; Harold Johnson, vice - president; Kees Hoogveld and Pauline Clarke, secretaries.

Their first chance to play in public came at the presentation of Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Although rather shaky and inexperienced, they received hearty and well-earned applause. At the auditorium

periods, too, they were a great success. However, at the opera, our orchestra really excelled itself. The Gordon Bell is proud of this enthusiastic body of young musicians.

Many of the oldest members were not in the orchestra pit on the occasion of Graduation, but the other members were quite able to carry on to another splendid performance. The members of the orchestra, and the school as a whole, wish to take this opportunity of expressing their thanks to Mr. Hubble and Mr. Snider, for their tireless work.



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This choir, organized last fall, gave beautiful renditions of Shubert's "To Music" and "I Vow to Thee My Country," at the Graduation Exercises held on June 12.



Grade X Girls' Choir

The Debating Club

"It isn't!" "It is so!" . . . "Ladies and gentlemen, the meeting will please come to order."

"I tell you the thing's impossible!" "'Tisn't!" . . . Hey, kids—be quiet!"

Why you . . . !" "And you . . . !" "WILL YOU GUYS SHUT UP!" Yes, the Debating Club is at it again.

Imagine that Lampost with Opinions, Ken Wakefield, eagerly debating upon any topic under the sun; Kees Hoogveld on top of a desk in a vain attempt to argue him down from his own level; Joe Mills and Lorne Leitch earnestly advocating that "a ring on the finger is worth two on the phone"; Lynn Watt and John Toews asserting that "the future of the world lies in the hands of its scientists"; Mr. Arnason offering his advice; our capable president, Andy Thompson, using parade-ground tactics in order to make himself heard; and two representatives of the gentler sex, our renowned June Lobb (vice-pres.)

and an argumentative red-head, adding to the general shivaree.

Although in our only public debate, which was arranged for us by Ken Williamson with the University of Manitoba, and in which we were represented by Ken Wakefield and June Lobb, the victory fell to our more experienced opponents; although often the only conclusion at which we could arrive, was "that this meeting agree to disagree"; although this newest Gordon Bell baby has been a very noisy one, and has roused the school with its teething troubles; on one point we are unanimous. It has been fun.

We do realize the inestimable privilege of Free Speech that is ours; we realize its potentialities, possibilities, glories, and responsibilities. We who have started the Debating Club, dream of a flourishing society of the future, which will help Gordon Bell to turn out people, not machine-patterned, smug; but people who can think and talk and argue, and appreciate the Free Speech which must and will still be theirs.

The Accordion Band

The school is silent. No sound—but wait! Music is suddenly heard; music played with surprising talent and excellent rhythm.

At the end of September, six enterprising pupils decided to form an accordion band—R. Card, M. Drewe, A. Mortimore, J. Callaghan and T. Beighton played accordions, while R. Holman gave forth on the guitar. With no fanfare, no teacher's support, only the ideas in their heads, and the music in their

fingers, they practised faithfully. Finally they gave their music and their clever arrangements to the school. They played and the school listened. They finished and the school was overcome. Encore after encore greeted the musicians, applause given sincerely.

We hope they re-organize next year, for when pupils can assemble such a group by their own efforts, they have really accomplished something.

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SPORTS



The Sports Council

First Row—Sam McCay, Bill Tindall, Miss H. S. Robertson, Harvey McKinnon, Mr. R. C. Green, Ruth Mathers, Peggy McVey.

Second Row—Mildred Sandness, Grace Sutherland, Betty Jeanes, Betty King, Kay Albertson, Margaret Hall, Bessie Colwell, Ruth Essery.

Third Row—Elton Hobson, Bob Publow, Ross Singleton, Stewart Corbett, John McEown, Stewart Northcote, Art Roy, Earl McGregor.

Rugby

The Gordon Bell Panthers trotted onto the gridiron the best starting team in the league last season. The fact that over half of the first team rated all-star mention (six all-stars and two with honorable mention), is sufficient proof of this statement. A logical question, then, is, "Why did we not win the pennant?" Many of the oft used excuses might apply; but the one used most frequently, was that old plea of insufficient replacements.

Let us skim over the season. The "Gee Bees" played on every type of field. They downed Daniel McIntyre on an A1 gridiron; outcrawled Isaac Newton

and St. Johns on a rain-soaked bog; and were outfought by Kelvin on a slippery field, thus ending the schedule. In the playoffs, St. Johns won the title, by coming from behind to knock out our own Panthers on a frozen grid; and by pushing Kelvin off the icy field and out of the running.

Although our club was finally forced to bow out, we cannot forget its "sixty minute men." Let us give the blue ribbon to its all-stars. Frank Mathers, better known as "Meatball," the mighty monster who smashed his way, with might and muscle, through the line; Fred Bickell, the heady quarterback, who used





Rugby-Continued

his brains as well as his body for many gains; Jim Foubister, the blocking back with a kick like a mule; Ray Wood, the tackling twinkletoes, who scored 'em as well as he stopped 'em; Joe Chiswell, the lucky centre, who gave us a touchdown by snapping to the wrong man; and lengthy Phil Richards, who pulled passes out of the clouds. We give the red ribbon to our honorable mentions, Art Roy, hard-hitting tackle, who was in on every play; and Jack Nixon, a pass snagger and a deadly tackler. To the rest of the gang we give three cheers for a job well done, and hope for better luck next year.

The whole squad joins in a hearty vote of thanks

to the mentors, Arnie Coulter and Earl Hamilton; and to Mr. Jewitt, Mr. Green, and Mr. Walker, who were of great help.

In case you have forgotten, the members of the team were: Mathers, Bickell, Foubister, Wood, Chiswell, Richards, Roy, Nixon, Sutherland, Tindall, Smith, Hobson, Shaver, Furney, Hammond, McKinnon, Hook, Sweet, Rooney, McEown, Morrey, Johnson, Wright, Brickenden, Moore, Parliament, Harper, Boddy, Buhr, Billington, Cooke, Corbett, Despins, Griffin, Jordan, Morrison, McFarlane, Pellan, Stout, Trigg, Wardrope, Whitney, Wood, Hope. The boys in charge of equipment were Brown, Perry and Feldsted.

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Speed Skating

Joyce King, Joyce Johnson, Marion Woolverton, Enid Hillhouse and Jean Dempster raced to second place honors in the Grade 10 event, at the interhigh speed skating competition. G. B. is proud of these girls!

The Grade 11 team: Doreen Manos, Betty Bell, Kay Mackie, Margery Davis—and the unlimited contestants: Beryl Bowie, Doreen Manos, Jean Dempster and Margery Davis, hesitated, slid, and fell just a little too often, to capture awards; but they showed great sportsmanship.

Thank you girls; better luck next year!

Speed Skaters



Cheer Leaders—Harold Blake, Margaret Hall, Hazel Dixon, Ted Siddall

Cheer Leaders

Winners of Inter-High Cheer Leading Trophy





Senior Soccer

Soccer

Gordon Bell entered only one soccer team in the inter-high league last fall. This entry was in the "B" division. As a matter of fact, the "B" group very nearly didn't see a G. B. participant either because there seemed to be a lack of interest in the undertaking. However, the persevering Mr. Leavens finally managed to get his stalwarts to turn out for practice, and soon picked the team. Little was expected of the squad for it was feared that the boys' hearts were not in their game. However, as soon as the first whistle sounded, the team opened the eyes of the manager and other uninterested teachers and backers, with fast, whole-hearted play, showing typical Gordon Bell spirit and sportsmanship. With this first game from Lord Selkirk, on Kelvin's grounds, the question then arose, whether this game was a matter of beginners' luck, or whether the team was really out for blood. The next two games proved that the latter statement was true, for the G. B. eleven went on to overpower Kelvin and St. John's on their home grounds. Then came the game with Cecil Rhodes! The boys met their strongest opposition and were forced to a 1-1 tie. A final was then arranged between Gordon Bell and Cecil Rhodes, but winter set in before the game could be played. Accordingly, it was postponed until spring. At the time of writing, this game

has not been played, but practice for it is under way. The boys are confident of victory and fully intend to bring victory to the old "Alma Mater". The boys of the team would like to express their whole-hearted appreciation to Mr. Leavens for his support throughout the season.

The inter-room soccer schedule this year saw many close fought battles. After a terrific struggle Room 20 won the Grade 11 and 12 schedule. Room 15 won their only game in two years during the same schedule by defeating Room 6 by a slim 1 to 0 margin.

In the Grade 10 schedule, Room 22 came out on top, and were then destined to meet the "Meatballs." Dust was their destiny, for they suffered a severe lacing at the hands of the Grade 12's. Nevertheless, the boys were in there trying their best, and that is all that anyone can do.

Mr. Fyles did a superb job of refereeing the games. He was forced to bear down on rough tactics at the end of the schedule because of each team's determination to win its games. Many boys came out of the battles with rips to hide from mother, and bruises to exhibit as tokens of victory.

All of the teams offer congratulations to Room 20 for a splendid record.

Inter-room Soccer



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Senior Girls Volley Ball

Volley Ball

During the season the ball was passed, spiked, and handled with great dexterity and thoroughness by the girls of the senior representation. With June Hall as their doughty captain, they were able to overcome the strong opposition of Kelvin, Lord Selkirk, and Isaac Newton. Unfortunately Daniel MacIntyre, St. John's, and Cecil Rhodes, each assembled too strong an aggregation and our girls met defeat at their hands.

Despite these reverses, the girls always displayed a brand of volley ball, and sportsmanship, which made us proud to have them representing Gordon Bell. They upheld our colors nobly, and fought through many a well played, hard contested game.

Our inter-high junior volley ball players worked so hard that this season proved to be the most successful in many years. The girls' lively captain, Peggy McVey, led them to victory over every opposing team with the exception of Kelvin. This one defeat was a bitter pill, for it was the means by which Kelvin gained the championship. We sincerely hope that next

year the girls will be even more successful, and will succeed in taking the coveted championship.

Both the Senior and Junior teams wish to take this opportunity of expressing their heartfelt thanks to Miss Robertson for her patient instruction and coaching.

In the inter-room league, the Room 8 "Powder Puffs" battled to the top of the Grade XI loop with just one defeat, suffered at the hands of Room 16. Rooms 21 and 13 proved worthy competitors but just didn't have enough of the old spark to snatch victory from the redoubtable "Powder Puffs."

Room 3, after giving Rooms 4 and 23 artistic trimmings, emerged victorious among the Grade X'ers. Then they met the "Powder Puffs." Sparks and fur flew with abandon and the unexpected happened. Room 3 was crowned as the school champion. These fighting Grade X girls deserve all the bouquets that could be given to them. Congratulations Room 3.



Junior Girls Volley Ball



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Junior Basketball

Basketball

Gordon Bell's Senior Basketball team entered the schedule this year with a "do or die" spirit. The boys had that "we are not beaten yet" attitude in every game; and had they had more practice, the banner would be in the school.

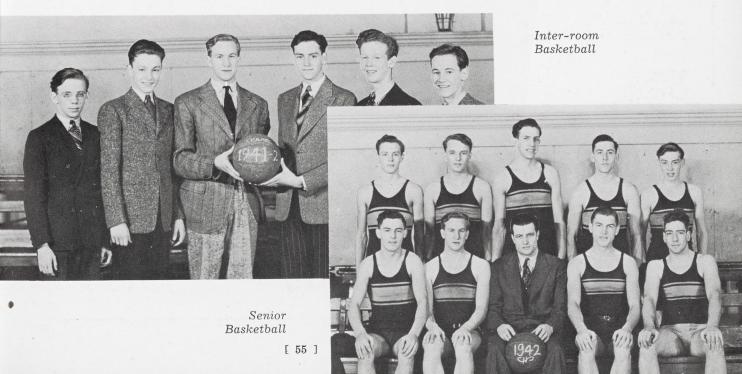
The tricky, sharp-shooting St. Paul's quintet pushed Kelvin out of the running in the finals, to cop the championship. Nevertheless, when any team trotted out on the "Gee Bee" floor, it was sure of a "tooth and nail" battle before the final whistle.

The squad is grateful to Mr. L. E. Walker, who willingly gave them valuable instruction. They say that they will be in there fighting next year.

The story of this year's Junior Basketball team may be summed up in three words—lack of practice. There was no lack of ability or coaching, which was provided by Mr. G. Pickard, but there was a lack of time in which to develop it. Despite this handicap the boys did their best to carry on the Gordon Bell

spirit. The team also had the bad luck of meeting the ultimate champions—Daniel MacIntyre—in the opening game of the season. Poor shooting dogged the Gee Bee's throughout the season's play, and although they put up a hard struggle in every game, they lacked the scoring punch to pull out a victory. Speaking as a member of this year's team, how about starting the practices in the fall next year?

The battle for inter-room basketball supremacy in Gordon Bell was on from the first whistle this year. Many rooms combined rugby tactics with a little basketball, and did very well under the circumstances; but the honors went to the Room 20 boys, who displayed unequalled passing and shooting skill. The end of the Grade 11 and 12 schedule saw the "Meatball Mawlers" batter down a valiant Room 6 team and then go on to take the championship from a clever, light squad from Room 22. Every boy who turned out for inter-room basketball deserves a hand for keeping the game alive in the school.



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Inter-Room Hockey

All scheduled games were played at the Sherburn Rink. The league was divided into two sections, Grade 10 and 11 and 12. Rooms 10, 22, 2, and 14 participated in the Grade 10 schedule. In this section, a battle royal was waged between Rooms 2 and 10 for the championship. Room 2 led the league all the way, but were tripped up in their final game by Room 14, who registered their sole win of the season at the expense of the "Dicers," thus allowing Room 10 to capture the championship.

The Grade 11 and 12 teams, Rooms 6, 8, 15 and 20, also staged quite as thrilling if not as close a schedule as the Grade 10 rooms. The boys of Room 15 com-

pleted the schedule without tasting defeat, established a record of the six wins with nary a loss. They were followed closely by Rooms 20 and 6, Room 8 effectively caring for the spot in the rear.

The final game of the season, a sudden-death affair for the school championship, was played between Rooms 10 and 15 at the Olympic Rink. Room 15 again came out victorious, defeating the gallant Grade 10 champions by a score of 7-0.

The boys of the school wish to express their gratitude to Mr. D. S. McIntyre and Mr. G. E. Whitlaw, for their very capable handling of the schedule.

-BILL MACLEAN.

Curling

The G.B. Curling Club got under way once more this season with Mr. Walker at the helm. At the first meeting of the curlers, two officers were elected, both by acclamation. Bob Hook was made president, while Harold Johnson was elevated to the Vice-Prexy's berth. Every "curlable" Friday night, at the Thistle Club ten rinks, all skipped by members of the staff, struggled valiantly for the school championship.

Although the weather was not always ideal for curling, the schedule progressed smoothly. Nearing the end of the competition, two rinks emerged in the lead position, each sporting six wins and one loss, and each with one game to play. They were the rinks skipped by Mr. Jewitt and Mr. Walker. Then when everyone was breathlessly awaiting the final

games spring arrived, or a reasonable facsimile thereof. Naturally, all curling was suspended for the time being. This unwelcome thaw also made it necessary to cancel the annual match with Daniel McIntyre for the Thistle Club Trophy.

All the curling was not confined to the Thistle Club, however. A number of our boys curled Saturday mornings at the Civic Caledonian Club. The Junior Bonspiel this year also featured a number of our curlers, and although they did not pick up any jewellery, they gained much valuable experience.

In closing we should like to extend our heartiest thanks and congratulations to Mr. Walker and the rest of the Curling Staff who have been chiefly responsible for another successful and enjoyable season.



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Ski Club

The enthusiastic skiers of Gordon Bell formed a club, for the purpose of practising their favorite sport, again this year. The duly elected officers were as follows: President, Bob Furney; secretary, Ruth Essery; and a committee composed of Shirley Olson, Jack Shaver and Ted Morrey.

The club started the season with a dance on December 1st. Due to a lamentable lack of snow, this seemed

for the time to be the limit of their activity. However, snow did come and around the end of January they really got under way. Many enjoyable outings along the riverbanks occurred after this, when the weather permitted.

The season was rounded up by a trip to Lockport on March 1st. We were very happy to hear of Gordy Martin's success at Banff in the championships. Congratulations, Gordy, and even better luck next year.

Girls' Bowling

Saturday mornings were longingly awaited by feminine G. B. bowling enthusiasts. Twenty-four teams were entered. Because of this number, the bowling was done in two shifts; the first from ten to eleven; the second, eleven to twelve. The schedule, including twenty games, provided keen competition. Team 9 won twenty games in the 10-11 schedule, team 8 won sixteen games in the 11-12 schedule. Bessie Colwell bowled the highest game, had the

highest total, and the highest average. Bernice Hawthorne and Ruth Stuart followed in that order.

The officers of the bowling club were: President, Grace Sutherland; secretary, June Hall, and treasurer, Margaret Hall. These last two juggled the figures and scores quite successfully during the season. The help of Miss Robertson and the other teachers was invaluable, and was greatly appreciated by the girls.



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CANADA



Badminton ?

Never before in Gordon Bell's history have so many enthusiasts banged birdies back and forth. The girls, who numbered 290, showed themselves by their co-operation as true badminton lovers. The tournament under the wise and encouraging supervision of Miss Flanders was keen and hard fought. Nancy Macdonald and Joan Pawlett succeeded in batting the birdie into their opponents' eyes often enough to gain the school championship. Marion Eaton and Aileen Howes, equally star players, were a close second. With one loss the girls entered the consolation with more spirit and even played with more zeal. Ruth Essery and Dorothy Nesbitt had to manage their rackets deftly to gain this win. The winners spent an enjoyable afternoon at the Winter Club, where they excelled themselves in badminton, bowling and swimming. The consolation winners had their party at the school.

The badminton players take this opportunity for thanking Miss Flanders for her kind guidance and help. They also wish to thank all the girls who

helped Miss Flanders.

Swimming

Although Gordon Bell isn't particularly an Irish school, the luck o' the Irish was certainly with its swimmers on March 17, when they competed in the

Inter-High Swimming Gala.

The girls made quite a record, placing in every event they entered. The Grade 11-12 team, consisting of Ruth Essery, Marguerite Manos, Monica Prescott, and Gladys Foulkes, swam very well to take third place. The Grade 10 relay team, Helen Couper, Peggy McVey, Connie Roberts, and Madelon Drewe, stroked to first place in a brilliant race. The third team, a medley, consisted of two breast strokers, Betty Barton and Peggy McVey, and two free style swimmers, Helen Couper and Monica Prescott. The individual swimmers chalked up an interesting score: Madelon Drewe came second in the 50 yards breast stroke; Betty Barton came second in the 100 yards free style; and Helen Couper came first in the 50 yards free style.

The boys were not quite as successful as the girls; but, nevertheless, they added to the number of points obtained by the girls. A powerful 11-12 relay team swam in the first race of the evening. They churned to first place in a very fast event. Fred Bickell, Tom-Kay, Allan Sweet, and Tom Hope comprised this successful team. The medley, Fred Bickell, Elton Hobson, Allan Sweet and Jim McVey, gained a point by coming third. The Grade 10 relay team, entered at the last minute, swam bravely if not speedily. Dave Queen, Murray Mark, Dick Henry and Bill Reid constituted this team. Unfortunately they did not place. Tom Hope entered the 100 yards free style, and came third. He came first in the back stroke. Allan Sweet came first in the 50 yards free style. The gala was a very successful experiment. Let's hope it is made an annual affair!



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Inter-High Field Day

Once again at the Inter-High field day, the Gordon Bell band covered itself with glory. The athletes also displayed a plentitude of spirit and courage, but when it came to running and jumping they just didn't have the necessary spark. The athletes in the field were fine, but what about the athletes in the stands. The main trouble with Gordon Bell's showing was not the lack of proficiency on the part of the competitors, but the proficiency on the part of the noncompetitors.

The girls led the procession by amassing a grand total of six points to place in the cellar. Those on the field showed lots of fight but were badly let down by the large number of girls who didn't even turn out to try. The class D girls were the stars among the Gordon Bell female entry. Anne Campbell led them with a second in the ball throw and a third in the seventy-five yard dash. In the same class, Betty Johnstone captured a second in the high jump. After watching hurdle team after hurdle team, and shuttle team after shuttle team come in last, or very nearly so, it was somewhat of a relief to see our C class hurdle team cop third place.

The boys' showing was somewhat more encouraging, but it is scarcely anything about which to boast. The boys won a total of twenty-six points to place third among the high schools. The highlight of the whole meet, for followers of Gordon Bell anyway, was the snappy way in which Stewart Weatherhead came from behind to take first place in the primary half mile. He brought the whole of the stands to their feet with his thrilling drive in the stretch. Lynn Watt made the greatest number of points of any Gordon Bell competitor. He smashed through to win the primary two-twenty yard dash with twenty yards to spare, and he also placed a snappy second in the primary hundred. The third, and last, Gordon Bell man to take a first place was Harvey McKinnon who led the field in the senior high jump. Harvey also took a third in the broad jump.

Leonard Kahane jumped to second place in the intermediate broad jump. Another second was taken by Fred Bickell in the senior hop, step and jump. Lawrence placed second in the junior shot put. The senior shuttle team came through to hold up Gordon Bell's prestige in the shuttles by eking out a second place.

The intermediate shuttle team was fortunate enough to gain a point by placing third. Another point was made when Ed Parliament came third in the junior two-twenty dash. Burgess took a third in the intermediate hundred yard dash. Fred Bickell placed again when he made third place in the senior shotput. Joe Chiswell succeeded in jumping just high enough to take third in the intermediate high jump.

It is to be hoped that by dint of more rigorous training Gordon Bell may be a little more successful when spikes are donned again next year.

Inter-Room Field Day

After last year's half-hearted showing in track, there were doubts in the hearts of many as to the advisability of holding an inter-room competition this year. However, the Student Council took over the management of field day, and Gordon Bellers, both spectators and athletes, were treated to an exciting afternoon at Sargent Park.

Gordon Bell athletes broke few records this year, but there was keen competition in nearly every event. The hundred yard dashes saw Russell Sutherland, Leonard Kahane, Edward Parliament and Lynn Watt win, in the senior, intermediate, junior, and primary divisions respectively. In the two hundred and twenty yard events, Stewart Northcote, Stan Baldwin, Edward Parliament and Lynn Watt headed their respective classes.

The half miles were won by Jack Wood, Frank Billington, Bill Bowman and Stewart Weatherhead. The grueling senior and intermediate miles were won, in turn, by Art Roy and Ronald Oxby.

The jumping events uncovered considerable talent. Harvey McKinnon, Kahane, Morrey Lawrence and Weatherhead covered the greatest distance in the broad jump. Fred Bickell, Kahane, Jones and Weatherhead eclipsed the rest of the field in the hop, step and jump events. McKinnon, G. Stuart, Jones and Finlayson were Gordon Bell's best "grasshoppers." Each was tops in his high jumping class. Our strong arm artists proved to be Bickell, Jim Thompson, Lawrence and Smith, who threw the shot put further than any of their opponents.

The "Gordon Belles" were also out in force. Marguerite Manos, Pauline Clarke, Vina Miller and Anne Campbell starred in the seventy-five yard dashes, as they topped the A, B, C and D classes in that order. Miss Manos repeated her win in the high jump event. Other winners in the different classes were Jocelyn Ross and Pauline Clarke (tied), Dorothy Brown and Betty Johnstone. Gladys Foulkes, Betty Bell, Doreen Manos and Anne Campbell were in there pitching for Gordon Bell. They tossed the apple farther than any of the others in their respective classes.

Keen competition was the order of the day in the shuttle races. The Room 13 and Room 3 girls took the other rooms into camp in the Grade 11 and 12 and Grade 10 races respectively. Room 15 took the boys 11 and 12 shuttles, while Room 22 repeated the performance in the Grade 10 division.

At the end of the day, when points were totalled and percentages found, Room 8 led the boys, followed closely by Rooms 20, 15 and 6. Room 13 topped the girls and was followed by Rooms 3, 9 and 21.

All athletes who entered Gordon Bell's Field Day are to be congratulated for the showing they made. The fact that so many students turned out, and gave everything they had in the hope of carrying the Purple and Gold colors into inter-high competition is heartening.

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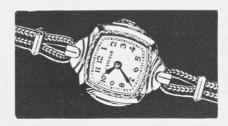
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Cadets

Cadet Training this year has featured the new "all out" policy. Although there was some training last year, it was not on as large a scale. This year, Cadet Training includes, as well as military drill, aerodynamics, meteorology, Morse code, internal combustion engines, aircraft recognition, administration, aircraft construction.

In the Fall, we started with drill, and had rifle drill as well. During this time we had some rifle practice at Minto Armories. Then when winter closed in, we studied the technical subjects for five periods each week. Some of us can now differentiate between a "bomber" and a "fighter."

The lighter side of military training was not passed over, and for three periods every week there were Band Practices. In the middle of March the band was reorganized, and Warrant Officer South, R.C.A.F., took it over.

In March between twenty and thirty students wrote a Government Morse Code examination. The results, so far, are apparently a "military secret"—no one seems to know about them.

Exams in the other subjects were written at the regular Easter "session." Those unfortunate enough to fail, are now taking enforced "refresher courses" each Monday, Wednesday and Friday after school.

On April 25th, the Cadets attended the Youth Rally, held at the Winnipeg Auditorium. The Cadet Band was in attendance. Among distinguished guests were the Governor-General and Princess Alice.

As this goes to press, we are preparing for Annual Inspection, and hoping for the best.

The Model Club

Early in March the model builders, organized by Jack Moxam, banded together to form a Model Club. At the first meeting, held under Mr. Pickard's supervision, Mr. Pickard was made honorary president, Jack Moxam was elected president, and Grant Neal vice-president. To Gerald Nicholl went the arduous duties of caring for the club funds.

At the first contest held on April 25, Allan Cooke took first place, John McGuffen second place, and John Jones third place. Unfortunately a strong wind prevented any outstanding flights.

The cadet inspection, May 4, gave the club a chance to display its work in Room 21. Rubber powered and gas models were shown in various stages of construction, to give some idea of just what goes together to make a model airplane.

The club has adopted, at Mr. Pickard's suggestion, the plan of building scale models to be used for air force training. As yet this plan is in a formative stage, but it will go into full swing next year. In this way the boys hope to be able to make quite a considerable contribution to the war effort.

The Hoogveld Plan?

- Here's how it started. One Sunday evening, while listening to the radio, I heard a discussion of the tremendous importance of salvage to the Canadian war effort. The speaker told of the great work being done in Eastern Canadian High Schools. He stressed the fact that the students were making a very important contribution.
- Our salvage effort came to my mind, as I listened to what the other students in Canada were doing. It did not compare very favorably. Surely Gordon Bell could make a greater contribution. We owed it to the many ex-Gordon Bell students serving in the forces. Individually, many of the students were making a good showing; but our efforts lacked co-ordination.
- Obviously, the persons to contact were our principal, Mr. Jewitt, and the school president, Fred Bickell. The idea, in principle, appealed to them. Fred Bickell ironed out the rough spots in the plan, and presented it to the School Council.
- Gordon Bell School Council enlarged upon the plan, and included all branches of the War Effort. Thus, the plan took in War Savings, tinfoil, magazines, etc. Six charts, to record the progress of each room, and the school as a whole, were put up in the halls. Then things began to happen.
- V Visible evidence of the improvement was shown on these charts almost immediately. Our War Savings stamps sales increased 100% the very first week. Corresponding advances were noted in all other branches.
- Enthusiasm was evident from the beginning. Everyone began to salvage with a will. Each room was given a quota, according to the number of students. These quotas were passed, in so many cases, that they have been raised.
- Little things, like used razor blades, empty tooth paste tubes, and pieces of tinfoil, have assumed great importance in the eyes of Gordon Bell students. Competition was further heightened by the donation of a shield.
- Dunn's Tailors were the donors of this shield. It is given to the room which makes the best general showing each month. This symbol of proficiency is the cause of much rivalry between rooms.
- Parents and friends have taken an interest in the venture. The publicity given to the project has inspired other schools to greater efforts. In some cases the whole plan has been adopted.
- Let us hope that this effort will not be relaxed, but rather increased during the next year. We have done well; but if we relax our efforts now, our work will have been done in vain.
- All of us must realize this. More War Savings Stamps must be bought. That means going without some of our little extravangances. Better to take the axe to your own budget, than to have the Axis move in.
- Now, I would like to say "Thank You" to Mr. Jewitt, Fred Bickell, and the Council for perfecting this plan, and to my fellow-students for getting behind it in such a grand way. No one can get anywhere without co-operation. Their co-operation has made the HOOGVELDPLAN a success.

-KEES HOOGVELD.

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The Spice of Life ?

By SHIRLEY OLSON

Are you a stay-at-home? Are you a scrag who drags, behind? Are you a goon who moons, around? If so, have you tried Gordon Bell's never-failing tonics for such ailments?

The first of these tonics was the Turkey Trot, administered by Room 6. During the course of the evening two luscious gobblers were thrown to the wolves. It is not at all improbable that a few dragging scrags and mooning goons received a snappy cure.

The next free for all on the agenda was a weird affair. Witches and ghosts were out in full force, at Room 16's Broomstick Ball, and soared around to the music of Herbie Brittain.

All the good little meatballs and their tomatoes were present at the Meatball Fry, a Room 20 presentation, and sizzled to the music of Ray Gauthier. Only the very rare meatball was not present.

Reeling from exhaustion after finishing the Gunner's examinations the students staggered off to Room 15's Yuletide Yump. Claude Turner pushed his tonics of red and green down the appreciative throats of a rather exhausted audience.

After recuperating from the gay festive season, the lads and lassies hastened to Room 3's Shakespeare Shag. The uproarious doings nearly awakened the dead (even Shakespeare).

The January thrill was the Lemon's Ade, Room 21's juicy jam session which saw all lemons in attendance. Many a poor lad received the first corsage of his long and eventful career.

This scrag-tag was quickly followed by Room 18's Pen-Pushers Prom, where all the chillun' jived

merrily to the music of Claude Turner. The budding bards and wacky writers had a gay time at this jamboree.

The next on the list was Room 22's Paupers Prom. Everybody came, dressed in rags and tatters (?) to the Hobo's Hop. All the tramps tripped the light fantastic to wurlitzer music.

Room 9 served out a lively little pick-me-up called the Co-ed Capers where Herbie Brittain dished out the refreshments. Here again the goons had a field day, and many a clinging scrag was dragged out of hibernation.

A liberal application of Absorbine Jr. aided our hearty athletes in their peregrinations around the dance floor, at the Athletes Feat. Sprains and pains were forgotten as the Appollos and Junos danced to tunes by Turner.

The Sprinters Spree was the only thing that kept our athletes on their feet after an exhausting day. With field day over, and nothing to look forward to but examinations (oh Happy Thought), many students had their last fling before graduation. Room 4 and Claude Turner were responsible for this entertaining evening.

The graduation dance was the highlight of the year for the departing students. Although it was a gay gathering—there was a hint of sadness in the air. The strains of soft music seemed a fitting close for a most eventful school year.

The proceeds of these dances, which totalled \$450.00, were placed at the disposal of Gordon Bell's war effort fund.

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Home Economics

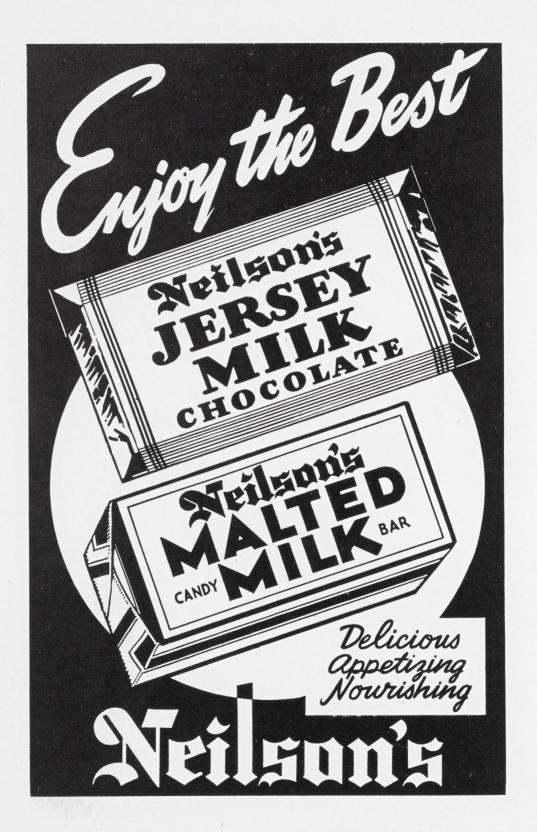
The average girl of Gordon Bell, although bogged down under layers of student-like efficiency, still finds pleasure in the enticing prospects of the Home Economics course.

After several months of diligent sewing, the majority of the feminine population of Gordon Bell has displayed a marked tendency to blossom out in the fashionable torso dresses, the box pleated skirts, or the so collegiate, long long jackets. This year, because of the war, Miss Swanson, our capable instructor, has made clear to us the necessity of smart, durable, but less expensive garments. We have been taught the value of being good buyers, of knowing fine quality, and of reasoning out suitable styles for different types of persons. Our course in sewing has taught us to create our own clothing, and has been the means by which we may make ourselves more useful citizens, in a very practical way.

In the other, and equally important branch of our Home Economics, we have been studying various ways by which we can use more Canadian products, and at the same time increase the food value of our meals. Miss Erwin has stressed the need for saving and caring for foods. We have been given many valuable lessons along these lines, all of which tend definitely to show us how we can be of more value in our homes. Here again we have been taught to create a great deal from very little, and have become very proficient in the handling of left-overs. There can be no doubt that the newer cooking methods, recipes, and so forth, will be of immeasurable value to us in making homes after we graduate.

Although some women are being asked to give their lives for their country, it is generally agreed that the most important work which women can do lies in keeping the home front functioning smoothly. To this end our course has been dedicated.





Autographs

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To the Class of '42 and wishing you every success in the future.

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O LYMPIC RINK

The Exchange Desk

By Frances Midforth

Once again the editorial staff has the pleasant duty of examining the copies of other school annuals accumulated during the last year. Although these are none too numerous, many are worthy of comment.

The Calgary, Crescent Heights, Bugle has many fine points. The book begins in a dignified manner, and splendid use has been made of a plentiful supply of space. Pictures are not numerous, and in many cases a picture and its write-up are not together.

The Daniel McIntyre Breezes kicks us in the eye with its age old failing, too much crammed into too little space. The literary section is splendid. The art work is most interesting. Although we admire its completeness, we feel that more intensive planning might have improved the book.

We received a rude shock upon opening the Correlator, published by the High School Section of the University of Chicago. No advertising. The pictures in this beautiful volume are exceptional and are worthy of highest praise. The only complaint we register is that there is no literary section.

The Rhoderian, Cecil Rhodes School, Winnipeg, is a very modest volume. The students, evidently with a limited budget, have done well with the means at their disposal. This small little book is well arranged. Its most pleasing feature is the length and detail of the individual write-ups.

The Brandon Collegiate New Era is not a prepossessing book. It is a pity that the book had to be mimeographed; but when it is understood that the money saved by so doing was put into the war effort, we must admire them for their sacrifice. The book is truly a student effort and is well arranged.

The Newtonian, representative of the Isaac Newton student body, is a smart concise volume. The cover is one of the best we have seen. The book contains many action shots of the school opera. Unfortunately there is a total lack of sectional headings. The Newtonian might do well to include some indivdual pictures and write-ups in its next edition.

The Norwood Purple and Gold is an exceptionally complete volume with a very fine humor section. It is a shame that a book of such high quality has no individual pictures.

The Fayette, Ohio, Tattler is quite different from the run of the mill year book. The photography is splendid, but there is a lamentable lack of writing.

The Kelvin Year Book has a particularly fine beginning. An attractive cover is combined with a beautiful frontispiece to make an effective opening. The photography is adequate and the book is well balanced.

The Torch, St. John's Tech., Winnipeg, next comes to hand. Here again we find a complete volume. The pages seem too crowded, and in many cases the arrangement might be improved. The double spread of candids is most interesting, but they might have been made more entertaining by the inclusion of more complete captions.

Red Cross

The school year of 1941-42 again saw knitting needles clicking vigorously and sewing machines working overtime to make those many garments needed by the Junior Red Cross.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday, anyone walking into a girls' classroom between 3.30 and 4.00 p.m., could see anything from squares for afghans to army, navy, or air force socks and sweaters in actual production. The success of this year's work is in part due to the fine organization of the Gordon Bell Red Cross Unit. Each room elected a Red Cross representative whose job it was to get every girl busy at some article, and keep perfect check of the number of pounds of wool checked out and the number of knitted garments turned in. As you can readily see, this is no task for a careless person. As supervisor of the Red Cross we were fortunate to have Miss L. Swanson. Miss Swanson has given hours of her time in keeping strict

account of all materials received from the Red Cross, made up in the school, and returned to the Red Cross as a practical garment. She has packed countless bundles of army, navy, air fore and refugee articles, and at no time has she been too busy to refuse to instruct anyone making sewn articles. This success may also be attributed to the fact that every student has been made to realize the importance of helping win this war. In the case of the girls this is best achieved through Red Cross work.

Statistics may make boring reading but it is they which tell in short the story of our Red Cross. Apart from liberal donations of money given, 18 afghans and blankets and 1,700 knitted and sewn articles have been turned into Red Cross headquarters to date, and more are expected before the end of the term.

-MARY MUSTARD.

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Off the Elbow?

Don Aitkens—"Are the editors in?"

Mary Mustard—"No, they just went out."

Don—"Well, just throw these jokes into the basket for them, will you?"

Mr. Whitlaw—"I'll have some rat poison, please."
Grocer—"Certainly, sir, will you take it with you?"
Mr. Whitlaw (slightly incensed)—"No—I'll send the rats over for it."

Caller at the Office—"Who's the responsible man here?"

Book—"If you mean the fellow that gets all the blame, I guess you want to see me."

Dr. Patrick, approaching a cyclist—"Sir, your beacon has ceased its function."

Cyclist-"Sir?"

Dr. P.—"Your illuminator is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion."

Cyclist—"But I don't quite—"

 $Dr.\ P.$ —"I say, the effulgence of your irradiator has evanesced."

Cyclist—"My dear fellow, I——"

Dr. P.—"Look, bud, your glim's bust."

Cyclist—"Oh h h h!!!

Seen in the papers: Wanted—"Burly beauty proof individual, to read the meter in the G. B. Domestic Science room. We haven't seen a nickel in four years.—The Gas Company.

Mr. Arnason—"When was Rome built?"

McMorris—"In the night."

Mr. Arnason—"What!!!!"

McMorris—"Well, when I asked Mr. Green if he had our meteorology marks, he said Rome wasn't built in a day."

Mr. Moore's Recipe for Insomnia—Try sleeping on the edge of the bed, you may drop off.

Harold Blake—"Do you serve crabs here?" Waiter—"We serve anybody. Sit down."

I've stood about enough, said Marion Makarsky as they amputated her leg.

Ted Whitley—"Will you cash a check for me?"
Fred Harper—"I wouldn't cash a check for my own brother."

Ted Whitley—"Well, you know your family better than I do."

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Off the Elbow?

CANDID SHOTS OF NIGHTMARES

A close study of the reactions of the typical Co-Edna and Co-Edward has brought to light the fact that each and every one of them nurtures, in his or her secret heart, a dream man or dream girl.

It seems first of all that all the little Co-Ednas are agreed that the man of their dreams has at least one million dollars as a starter. Margaret Chown goes further in asserting that he must also have plenty of "wim, wigor, and witality." Joyce Plenderleith's ideal can also date a girl for the first time without being the "big shot." Joy Allman's dream man must be tall, dark and masterful, with not too liberal a sprinkling of intelligence.

Our handsome (?) Co-Edwards are no less definite. To Jack Brickenden's perfect girl Handel means more than the end of a shovel. A girl who doesn't order a full course meal after a dance is constantly in Harold Blake's thoughts, whereas Doug McWhinnie likes them rich, young and innocent. The main condition that Bob Furney makes is that she have more horse-sense than nonsense.

 $Kay\ McRobie$ —"Whenever I'm down in the dumps, I get a new hat."

Fred Bickell—"Oh, I was wondering where you got them."

Weatherhead—"My little sister ate some chicken yesterday."

Matthews-"Croquette?"

Weatherhead—"No, but she's pretty sick."

Jack Nixon—"I want a girl that cooks, sews, keeps house, and doesn't smoke or drink."

Mildred Adams—"Why don't you go down to the graveyard and dig one up?"

Jim McVey—"What happens to a car when it gets too old to run?"

Peggy McVey—"Somebody sells it to Mr. Mac?"

Tailor—"Do you want a cuff on the trousers?" Wardrope—"Do you want a slap on the mouth?"

 $\mathit{Mr. Pickard}$ —"What right have you to swear before me?"

Jim Smith—"I didn't know that you wanted to swear first."

 $Sam\ McCay$ —"Would you like to take a walk with me?"

Newly Arrived R. 5 Girl—"But I don't know you." Sam McCay—"That's all right. What you don't know won't hurt you."

T. A. A.—Original—"The best years of a girl's life are the first five she's eighteen."

"Let's run over a few things together," said Bowes to Neal as they got in their cars.

"Purple and Gold" gallup poll, conducted personally by "Dr. Horatio Gallup Greenwood." Total enrollment ... Number who expect to get rich 638

Number who will get rich 7 Number who say our curriculum is too heavy 566 Number who know what a curriculum is _____ 30 Number who kick about their teachers _____ 638 Number who have a kick coming ______9 Number who talk about their "steady" 568

Number who have a "steady" 74 Number who refer to Mr. Jewitt as "O. V." 432 Number who refer to Mr. Jewitt as "The Gunner" 104 Number who refer to Mr. Jewitt as "Mr. Jewitt" 16 Number who don't refer to Mr. Jewitt at all Number who preach about the ill effects of tobacco 638 Number who smoke Number who agree with their teachers _____ 638 Number who understand what they're talking about Number who do their own homework Number who produce homework every morning 638 Number who owe money _____638 Number who expect to pay back what they owe ____ 0 Number who think themselves funny _____ 638 Number who are funny _______17 Number who think the above is rotten

Then there's the one about the deaf and dumb man who had a nightmare and broke all his knuckles on the bedpost screaming.

Have you ever heard tell of the short-sighted snake who eloped with a rope?

Adam and Eve were naming the animals in the Garden of Eden.

"Well, Eve," said Adam, "Let's call this one a hippopotamus."

"But why call it a hippopotamus, darling?"

"Well, heck, it looks like a hippopotamus doesn't

As one sage observor once remarked, "The main difference between life and love is that life is one fool thing after another while love is two fool things after each other."

I wandered lonely as a cloud, Wafted by the gentle breeze. I saw a host of golden rod— It made me sneeze.

Mr. Fyles always called a spade a spade, until he tripped over one, the other day.



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Off the Elbow?

DEFINITIONS HEARD IN THE HALL

A skeleton is a bunch of bones with all the people scraped off.

A tomahawk is what, if you wake up in the morning with your scalp missing, there's an Indian around with.

An egotist is a man who talks about himself, when you want to talk about yourself.

Wisdom is knowing what to do next. Skill is knowing how to do it.

Virtue is not doing it.

THE END OF AUGUST

I had a little dog. I called him August. August was fond of jumping at conclusions, especially the wrong conclusions. One day he jumped at the conclusion of a mule. The next day was the first of September.

Mr. Snider—"Are you boys passing notes?"

Brownell—"These are cards, sir. We're playing bridge."

Mr. Snider—"Oh, I beg your pardon."

Laugh, and the class laughs with you. Study, and you study alone.

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Mr. Simms—"A missionary once said, that savages are so ignorant, they would be surprised and awed if they saw flame leap from a cigarette lighter, at a single touch."

Harvey McKinnon-"Who wouldn't?"

 $\it Jack \; Shaver$ —"Going to have dinner anywhere tonight?"

Bernice Hawthorne—"Not that I know of."

Jack Shaver—"Say, you'll be awfully hungry by morning."

Ted Siddall—"How come you stopped singing in the choir?"

Dennis James—"I was away one Sunday, and someone asked if they'd fixed the organ."

Miss Flanders—"Are you smoking back there, Smith?"

Smith—"No, this is just the fog I'm in."

There is a certain room in our school, the students of which are so dumb, that if they stood in a circle the Government would arrest them for being a dope ring.

30 636

30 468

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The Janitors

There are many unsung heroes in this world, and Gordon Bell has its quota. Perhaps tending a furnace, or sweeping miles of corridors, and acres of floors, is not considered heroic; but not many of us would like to shoulder the task. With monotony no novelty, and with hundreds of high school students under foot, and upsetting their work, life has not always been a

bed of roses in Gordon Bell for Mr. Doylend, Mr. Duke and Mr. Gates. These men have done their best to keep the school orderly, and have had to contend with six hundred odd mess-makers of no mean ability. These gentlemen deserve, and get most heartily, a vote of thanks from the students of this school, for the way in which they have discharged their various duties.

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PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS — THEY MAKE THIS BOOK POSSIBLE

THE completion of this page marks the end of the work of the editorial staff. It is with a feeling of relief, not unmingled with regret, that we turn in our last page of proof and scribble these lines. Editing the "Purple and Gold" has afforded us a great deal of pleasure. It seems almost hard to believe that now our task is completed. For us there will be no more hurrying to school in the morning with the disconcerting thought that we are two weeks behind schedule; no more lying awake at nights trying to figure out some way of taking care of the one thousand and one petty details that crop up; and last of all, of course, no more missing of periods. We hope that our readers will judge the Year Book kindly and will bear with our faults and oversights. In closing the book, we wish once more to thank all concerned in its publication, and to wish the best of luck to our successors next year.



LIKE A LIGHT IN THE NIGHT

TO GUIDE YOUR DESTINIES

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN need a guiding light to shape their destinies. Proper council now will guide faltering feet on the right road, and careful consideration must be given not only to the future, but to the present as well. Specialized training is essential.

FOR THE PRESENT

The United Nations are urgently in need of skilled, highly trained technical men to operate communication and radio controlled equipment so vital to the successful operation of the war effort.

A great need has arisen for trained radio technicians for production line inspection work at Eastern Radio factories. The pay is excellent and there is every opportunity for promotion.

FOR THE FUTURE

There never has been, and there never will be an adequate supply of properly trained radio technicians. This statement will be more than true after this present world conflict is over. New developments, new designs, new production has ceased for the time being. When once again the world is functioning at a normal pace the radio industry will expand and mushroom as no other industry ever has. When that time comes, trained radio men and women will be in terrific demand. ANY MAN OR WOMAN WHO CAN TRAIN NOW AND QUALIFY AS AN EXPERT RADIO TECHNICIAN WILL ALWAYS BE ASSURED OF CONGENIAL WORK AND GOOD PAY.

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